BLUE AND GRAY

1917

MOUNTAIN VIEW
PIONEER & HISTORICAL
ASSOCIATION

IN Expression of gratitude for her ever-present helpfulness, and appreciation for her worth and goodwill, the students of the Mountain View Union High School respectfully dedicate this issue of the Blue and Gray to

Miss Marie K. Mitchell

Blue and Gray

Mountain View Union High School

Mountain View, California
June 20, 1917

The Faculty

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MR. RICHARD ZEIDLER

MISS MARIE K. MITCHELL

MISS GENEVA JOHNSON

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The Faculty

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MISS ALICE SNOW

CONTENTS

Class Poem	Ellen Nichols	7
List of Graduates		8
Graduates		9
Staff		14
The Three Victims	Robert Finfrock	16
Student Body Officers		17
Miracles	Shirley Jackson	18
The Hoodoo on No. 1313	Wayne Hawkins	19
The Making of a Man	Ruth Davis	21
The Girl Detective	Norma Semino	24
Camp Rumors	Philip Martin	28
Music	Claudia Davis	31
All's Well that Ends Well	Hazel Friis	32
3.1416	Alice Dean	36
Betty's Revenge	Georgia Porter	37
Getting Even	Mildreda Hult	40
The Legend of the Arrowhead	Willard Frazer	41
Senior Class Horoscope	Eunice Reyburn and Gertrude Carrington	42
Unpremeditated Strategy	Gertrude Joseph	44
Alumni	Alma Hall	46
Staff and Editorials		51
Exchanges	Eugene Adams	55
Athletics	Louis Brisebat	56
Organizations	Isabel White	63
Society	Isabel White	66
The Freshie	Leslie Dean	68
Class Prophecy	Alice Jess	69
Class Will	Myrtle Holden	71
Class History	Flora Norris	74
Commencement Program		76
Class Song	Music by Mrs. Bacon-O'Dell Words by Alvin Brunhofer	77
Jests	William Neasham	78
List of Advertisers		82
Advertisements		83

CLASS POEM

We Live in Deeds, not Years.

ELLEN E. NICHOLS, '17

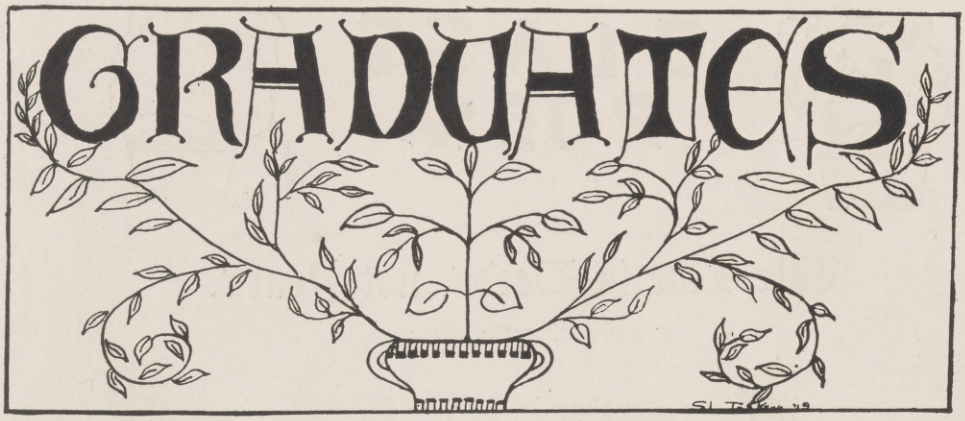
OUR years may be few,
For life is but a span.
'Tis deeds that count for aye
In the memory of man.

GREY hairs prove not great work,
Nor breath the honor due.
We strive to fill our lives
With actions worthy, true.

YOUTH gives us strength for labor.
O classmates do thy best!
And by thy constant doing
Thy labor shall be blest.

THY pathway may be dreary;
Brave deeds will make it bright,
A shining light for others
That strive to reach the height.

REMEMBER then our motto,
'Tis worthy of deep thought.
Though few the words and simple,
Each is with meaning fraught.



Daniel Irwin Anzini
Alvin A. W. Brunhofer
Gertrude Emogene Carrington
Ruth May Davis
Charles Asbury Deardorf
Willard T. Frazer
Catherine Elizabeth Fuller
Alma Evelyn Hall
Myrtle Carrie Holden
Pauline Ardella Hollis
William Earlin Huff
Mildreda Vivienne Hult
Mark E. Ingraham
Alice Gertrude Jess
Philip Hartley Martin
Ethel Marie McGinnis
Ellen E. Nichols
Francis Marion Nichols
Flora Edith Norris
Georgia Ruth Porter
Eunice Dale Reyburn
Norma M. Semino
Constance S. G. Swenson
George W. Toft
Isabel White

Although Harlan Church will not be with us on commencement night, he may be considered one of this year's graduates.

ALVIN BRUNHOFER
ALMA HALL

ETHEL McGINNIS

DAN ANZINI
GERTRUDE CARRINGTON

CHARLES DEARDORF
MILDREDA HULT

RUTH DAVIS

MARK INGRAHAM
MYRTLE HOLDEN

PHILIP MARTIN
CONSTANCE SWENSON

NORMA SEMINO

EUNICE REYBURN
FLORA NORRIS

WILLIAM HUFF
ALICE JESS

ISABEL WHITE

GEORGE TOFT
GEORGIA PORTER

MARION NICHOLS
PAULINE HOLLIS

ELLEN NICHOLS

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MISS ALICE SNOW, Art Critic
WILLIAM NEASHAM, Jests

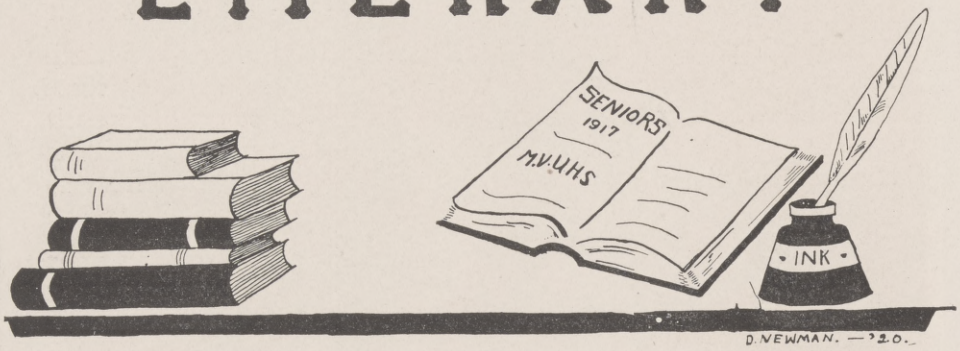
FLORA NORRIS, Historian

ISABEL WHITE, Organizations and Society — ALMA HALL, Alumni

LOUIS BRISEBAT, Athletics — GEORGE TOFT, Asst. Business Manager

DAN ANZINI, Business Manager

LITERARY



The Three Victims

ROBERT FINFROCK, '19

THE low wind moaned dismally through the forest, bringing with it thousands upon thousands of huge, soft snow-flakes. Hour after hour they floated, whirled, and tumbled, sinking with soft sighs upon six feet of their comrades. Through the long hours of the day, and well into the evening hours, they fell, adding inch after inch of fluffy substance to the already heavy burden of the earth. Through all these hours the wind played a dismal accompaniment to the plunging flakes, and caused the trees to cast off the white garments with which mother nature had adorned them.

Suddenly, however, the wind brought with its monotonous sounds a different note—a high-pitched, eager, incessant cry. Slowly the sound drew nearer, and became more insistent. In a few moments came the snapping of a limb; then presently another. This resolved itself into a regular, and again irregular, sound, ever growing more distinct.

A few moments of intense stillness passed, stillness save for the moan of the trees and the purring of the snow.

Presently the bay of a hound was heard, echoing and re-echoing through the hills and hollows of the forest; then the dull thud of a heavy body against the trunk of a tree.

For the first time in many hours the snow ceased to descend, allowing the long, red rays of the evening sun to penetrate the snow-laden ceiling of branches.

Then into a red, sun-splotched space stumbled the hugh bulk of a moose, his quick breaths condensing into clouds of vapour

STUDENT BODY OFFICERS

STANLEY HAWKINS, 2d Vice-Pres.
LOUIS BRISEBAT, 1st Vice-Pres.
GEORGE TOFT, President
HELEN BAKER, Secretary
NOBLE LOGAN, Treasurer
ROBERT BOWERS, Serg't-at-Arms

on issuing from his flaring nostrils. Not ten feet behind him dashed a large, spotted deerhound. Of a sudden the moose sank to his knees in exhaustion. It seemed for a moment as though he were at the mercy of the smaller animal, for in a second the hound was at his throat. With a tremendous burst of strength, however, the moose arose, and, with a dexterous swing of his sharp hoof, caught his assailant on the head and split the skull. In the fury of his rage, the animal so recently at the mercy of the hound caused the knife-like forehoofs to wreak vengeance on the carcass of the brute, long after the snow had turned crimson. But his very victory seemed to be his undoing, for, when at last he turned to flee, he saw, at a distance, the silent figure of a man on snowshoes who was raising a gun to his shoulder. Once again his anger was kindled, and, with a trendous bellow, he hurled himself madly toward his enemy. A red flash and the report of a weapon was all he knew, except that he was still furious. Before the gun could again be discharged, he had hurled himself upon his enemy, and, with his dying strength, crushed the body of the man in the snow. Finally, he himself dropped beside his victims, nevermore to roam among the woods and uplands.

Again the forest was silent but for the moan of the wind in the trees, and again the snow began to fall, blotting out forever the scene of the terrible tragedy.

Miracles

SHIRLEY L. JACKSON, '19

The night was dark and dreary,
  And the moon was shining bright.
All the houses were in darkness;
  You could see the shining light.
The day was bright and cheerful;
  Dark clouds had gathered o'er.
All the people ran for shelter,
  But the "crabs" stayed on the shore.
The children shouted in the air,
  And silence was profound;
The people went home quietly,
  But most of them roamed around.
The church bells peeled their sunset knell,
  And not a sound was heard.
I thought I heard a cricket chirp,
  Alas,—'twas but a bird!

The Hoodoo on No 1313

WAYNE HAWKINS, '19

OLD number 1313 had been taken out of the junk heap. She stood primed and ready for action. Not a machine on the coast surpassed her for speed. It was in this car that Bob Dillon had made his record for the mile before the hoodoo finally got him. He was the last of the 1313's three victims. Consequently, advertising seemed to be of no avail; no one was willing to take chances with the hoodoo and perhaps follow Dillon and the rest.

But on the day before the race a short, chunky man entered the manager's office and applied for work.

"I know the chances I'm taking," he said, "but I need the money bad. My father is John H. Keller of Wall Street, New York, and a very stubborn man. He has cut off my allowance to nothing and all because I want to marry a girl he doesn't like. Still, fifteen hundred will start me. Can you guarantee me that?"

"I like your grit, son," said McNally, the manager, "and I will certainly guarantee you that sum. What is more, if you win, you get ten thousand dollars."

"Thanks, Mr. McNally. I guess I better try out the car."

"Yes, Keller, take her with you. Give her a little run tonight. I will give you a mechanician if you like."

"No, thanks. My brother is a fast man at changing tires and very handy. I'll use him."

"All right. As I'll not see you again, I wish you the best of luck. But I tell you, its a handicap. However, forget your number. Watch the road and she'll do the rest. Good night."

The next day, ten minutes before the start of the race, the grandstand was astounded by the appearance of the old number 1313. Who was so foolish as to try her again? Was this man crazy? So ran the remarks of the crowd.

Keller calmly slipped her into gear at the signal and was off with two others in a burst of speed and a cloud of dust. Old 1313 was in fine shape to-day. She tore up the straightaways at a hundred per and took the corners at ninety. Never before had that crowd seen so cool a driver. Then came the garrison finish. With two cars, a Mercedes and Stutz ahead of him and but two laps to go, Keller opened her up. She seemed

to leap madly forward. He had passed the Mercedes at the turn and was bearing down on the Stutz, twenty yards ahead.

Suddenly his brother called: "Billy, she's on fire!"

"Stick with her," said Keller cooly, "and we'll finish in the lead."

The crowd saw the flames from the grandstand.

"The old hoodoo!" cried some. "Why doesn't he quit?" exclaimed others.

As he passed the stands and entered the last lap, with the hood developed in smoke and flames, the whole crowd, down to a man, was with him. Doing ninety-six, he crept up to the Stutz on the last turn, and shot her to the last notch on the straight-away. The Stutz seemed to stand still as Keller sped onward and crossed the line, a winner by three yards.

"You have broken the hoodoo! Your coolness has saved you." McNally joyously exclaimed as he rushed to congratulate him.

"How is the car? Is the fire out?"

"Yes, she's out, my son, but you'll never have to race again." said a voice in the rear. There was his father,beaming with delight. "You've got grit and I'm sorry for all I've done. Come home and live with me."

"Thanks, Dad," said Billy, "but I like the game. I'm going to buy old 1313 for my private car. The farther I went in her, the better I liked her. She sure is SOME BOAT."

The Making of a Man

RUTH DAVIS, '17

A DEJECTED old tramp shambled along the track disconsolately. His ragged coat was slung carelessly over his shoulder, and both elbows poked out of the sleeves of his dirty, blue shirt. A faded, red handkerchief hung out of a hip pocket. He wore one low and one high shoe, and his toes stuck out of both of them. He was thinking of the time, five years ago, when he had been cashier of the Arlington State Bank. He reflected bitterly on the two years following his dismissal and the three years of tramping.

"What's the use?" he growled. "If only a freight would come along, I'd try for a box car."

He pulled his old, brown hat over a face that was black and unshaved, and followed the track into a gorge between two hills. The place was very quiet, and the sun beat unmercifully upon him. Only a few trees were scattered over the hills surrounding him and no houses could be seen, so he walked on in the hot silence for nearly an hour. Suddenly he heard the noise of a car coming at a terrific rate. He jumped from the track and watched it. It came bounding down the hill behind him and shot past before he could catch his breath.

"Great guns!" he shouted, "there isn't a soul on it. It must have broken loose."

He ran after the thing and noticed that it had reached a level stretch of track about a quarter of a mile ahead of him, and was slowing up. Throwing his old coat on the dry grass, he hurried down the track and, about two hours later, found the car just moving slowly on a level track. After ten minutes of hard running, he reached it and clambered breathlessly aboard. The richness of its furnishings astounded him.

"The whole thing would make a fine place for an old 'bach,' " he soliloquized, and, grinning luxuriously, flung himself across a leather couch. The car had almost stopped, and he was looking curiously at the bookcase, table, and easy chair, when he was jerked unceremoniously off the couch and thrown

headlong against a washstand. The car had gone over another hill.

"Suffering cats!" he yelled, and lurched over to the window. The hill was short, and in a few minutes he was able to walk about and inspect things. Noticing a shaving mug and mirror behind a screen, he glanced sheepishly at his shaggy reflection. He shaved, and beamed proudly at his transformed appearance. In a suit case which stood in a corner he found a business suit and a pair of shoes. After trying them on, he surveyed himself in open admiration. In one pocket he found a tie and a peculiar stickpin, and in the other about five hundred dollars in bills. He managed to fasten the tie, although he had not practised for about four years.

The new clothing seemed to change the man's attitude toward life. He rolled his old things into a bundle and threw them out of the window. Meanwhile, the car had stopped. He stepped out and looked around. It was still quiet, but much cooler. Away in the distance he could distinguish the tops of a few buildings and smoke rising steadily from some of them.

"Red Oak, new sugar factories," he said thoughtfully.

He decided to walk to the busy little city and notify the trainmen of the stray car. He wondered that no train had passed while he was in it.

The fact was that a bridge had been wrecked and all the trains were waiting at a little station about twenty miles back of him.

"Sorry, old man, but I'll just keep this suit until I see you," he said grimly, and, after closing the doors of the car, crossed a grain field to the highway and walked to Red Oak with new confidence in himself.

It was about five o'clock when he arrived at the depot. A group of men greated him in a friendly fashion, for the town was new and strangers were welcomed.

"There's a car on the track back there," he said quietly. "Saw it as I came by. It must have broken loose and come down the grade on its own force."

The switchman left to see about it and Jake Harrison, for that was his name, found himself in a difficult position.

"Been here long, stranger?" asked a burley fellow who had

started a new bank in the town and was trying ineffectually to make it prosper.

"No," answered Jake slowly. "I left Arlington about three weeks ago." Then, after a moments hesitation, he said, "I should like to discover as much as possible about the banks, or need of banks, in this locality."

"Well," said the other evenly, "I've started one, but it's not making me rich," and he laughed wearily. Guess I'm not much of a manager. I owned a hardware store in New York before I came here," he confessed.

In the next two weeks Jake (changed to James) Harrison used his five hundred dollars generously, stayed at the best hotel, and gained the confidence of the would-be banker, George Stratton. He retained much of his former knowledge of banking and, by two or three clever suggestions for improving the bank, caused George Stratton to ask him to become a partner and manager.

Two years later, a man sat idly on the deck of the steamer, "Washington," and gazed contentedly over the water. He was going to London to negotiate a war loan for the Stratton and Harrison Bank of Nevada. At dinner that evening he had met a New York broker who had watched him strangely from the time they had made one another's acquaintance. He saw Jake coming toward him and spoke gruffly:

"I shall have to ask you to pardon my rudeness," said the broker slowly, "but would you mind telling me where you got that stickpin?"

James Harrison started visibly, then relaxed with a laugh. He pulled a roll of bills out of his pocket, handed the man the stickpin, and said, "Here are the five hundred, and an extra fifty for the suit. Come on down to the dining room and I'll tell you what they did for me."

The Girl Detective

NORMA SEMINO, '17

MARGARET O'BRIEN was coming home from school one day in a dejected mood. She was in her senior year in high school and had no definite plans for the future. Her one desire was to become a detective. But her mother objected to that. Margaret was an independent, business-like girl who cared nothing for dances, boys, or dresses. She was interested in athletics, public speaking, and politics. Just now she was wishing for some excitement, anything to relieve the general monotony of her life.

From such a gloomy mood, Margaret was suddenly aroused by the purr of a machine behind her. Turning she saw a little red racer approaching. As it passed she saw that three men were in it, two on the seat and one sitting at the foot of the two, on a black box with brass corners. The man on the box had moved so as to conceal it, but Margaret obtained a clear view, notwithstanding. She noticed the man's actions, yet she did not stop to think why he had moved.

That night, before she retired, she glanced out into the moonlight, as she had been accustomed to do of late. In the window of the old haunted house on the Bradley place shone a dim light. This was strange. Never before had she seen a light in it, either in the day time or during the night. She determined to investigate the cause of the light and possibly experience some excitement at the same time. Pulling on her heavy coat and cap, she slipped noiselessly out of the house. Clutched tightly in her hand was a revolver which she had taken from her brother's room, while in her coat pocket she carried a small flashlight.

It was a clear, moonlit night, so she hurried along the road in the open. When she neared the house, however, she stealthily dodged in among the trees which bordered the driveway. Stealthily, noiselessly she creapt up to the window from which the light shone. Softly she slid in between some rosebushes and then raised her head, inch by inch, until she could see through the window.

On an old table in the bare and dimly lighted room was the identical chest which she had seen on the little racer. Bending over it, in a studious attitude, was the man whom she had

the box. He tried several different keys in the lock, but none seemed to fit. Then he fashioned a skeleton key of wire, but it too proved useless. After studying it closely for a few moments longer, he placed the box in a cupboard in the wall, blew out his light, and went out. Margaret crouched close against the house and held her breath as he passed. She could almost touch him with her hand, but he walked unsuspectingly on. A moment later she heard the pop-pop of a motor and knew that the little racer was near at hand. She saw him drive out, and quietly waited until the last faint sound had died away.

Then she stepped boldly from her hiding place and into the moonlight, walked around to the door, entered boldly, and flashed her light about the room. Straight to the cupboard she went, and moved the box to the table. Then a bright idea occured to her. She found a scrap of paper on the floor and wrote on it:

"Condolences.
Ghost of the Haunted House,"

and pinned it in plain view in the cupboard. Then, clasping the box in her arms, she hurried from the house. Up the driveway, along the road, she hurried, and when she arrived at her gate, she walked quietly down to the barn, climbed up into the hayloft, deposited her precious burden in a corner, and then covered it with hay. She tiptoed back to the house, quietly entered her room, and undressed as quickly as she could. As she slid under the covers, she breathed a sigh of relief that her absence had not been discovered.

The next morning she wondered what should be her next move. Should she inform the authorities immediately or wait a few days for developments? She decided upon the former, for she knew that the burglar would come again that night and the police would stand a better chance of capturing him than if she delayed a few days.

Throughout the whole day she was alive with energy and attacked her lessons with a will, much to the surprise of the teachers. Her classmates talked about this strange change in her. None, however, could arrive at a satisfactory conclusion.

When school was dismissed, Margaret hastily pinned on her hat, avoided all her companions, and chose an unfrequented road to the constable's residence. In the privacy of his office, she related to him the facts of her daring escapade. The constable became interested. Yes, to be sure, it was the box about which the New York authorities had sent him a telegram. A box of precious jewels had been taken from the vault of the

First National Bank of New York, and the owner of the jewels had offered a reward of three thousand dollars to whoever returned them. Fate had destined this obscure country girl to win the three thousand dollars.

Then he suggested a plan to her. He and four other men would meet her at the haunted house that night and hide in the corridor which ran through the house. She was to dress as a ghost and silently enter the room in which the burglar would be found and, in an eerie whisper, say, "Beware, O thief, of an Awful Presence," and then as silently flit back across the corridor to safety. When the burglar would cross the corridor in pursuit of the ghost, the constable and his men would seize him and handcuff him.

To this plan, the girl gladly agreed, and she left him with the understanding that they should all meet at the haunted house at eight o'clock.

That evening, she obtained consent from her mother to attend a card party given by a neighbor. But after supper she walked along the road and waited for the constable and his men. She had to wait a half hour before they appeared. Then she led the way to the haunted house. They hid in the corridor, as they had planned, and awaited the arrival of the crook. They had not waited long until the pop-pop of an approaching car was heard. Immediately they relapsed into silence and listened as he stopped his car and walked up to the door. Guided by the dim light of his lantern, he walked eagerly up to the cupboard. He groped about there expectantly, but no familiar object met his touch. He held the lantern up to the cupboard and discovered the paper.

In the meantime, Margaret, clothed in a white sheet, had gently opened the door and, standing just inside the room, whispered, "Beware, O thief, of an Awful Presence," and then silently flitted back.

In the pale light she had played her part well. The burglar started in terror. His face showed the conflicting emotions, anger and fear. But he hesitated only for a moment. Gripping his revolver firmly in his hand, he rushed after her. Scarcely had he stepped inside the corridor, when firm hands seized him and he found himself a prisoner, handcuffed and helpless.

Triumphantly the party returned to town, where the prisoner was locked in jail. Their night's duty done, the men dispersed. The constable took Margaret home in his machine.

In the morning, the constable drove out to her home and,

concealing the box in her coat, Margaret managed to carry it unseen into the car. Then she went on to school.

That afternoon, after school, she was lying on a couch in the parlor thinking over all the exciting events which had happened during the past few days. She was awakened from these reflection by a knock on the door. Opening the door, she found the constable and a wealthy-looking gentleman before her. After they were seated in the parlor, the stranger was introduced to her as Mr. Newton, a wealthy New York merchant.

"Now to get down to business," began the constable. "Does your mother know of your reckless escapades?"

"No," confessed Margaret, blushing.

"Well, call her in then."

Her mother was introduced to Mr. Newton, and the constable proceeded to broach the business on hand.

He said, "Margaret wishes to become a detective. Why do you object to such a desire?"

"Oh," responded the mother, "in the first place, I don't consider it ladylike, and then I'm afraid she hasn't the nerve to succeed. Besides, we can't afford to send her to a detective school."

"Oh," answered the constable, with a wink at Mr. Newton, "those difficulties can easily be remedied."

Then he went on to tell of the daring things she had done on those two nights, of all the pluck and bravery she had. He said that if this did not prove that she was cut out to be a detective, nothing could.

Mr. Newton then continued. "As a reward," he said, "Margaret may have either the three thousand dollars or a complete course in detective training with all expences paid."

She chose the latter immediately, then glanced at her mother, who smiled her consent. Her happiness was at last complete.

Camp Rumors

PHILIP MARTIN, '17

WHILE stationed at the Mexican border with the National Guards, the Empire ranch, a very large, well-stocked cattle range, was raided by bandits, who drove off many of its best cattle.

The fact was at once reported to the United States authorities, and troop B, of which I was member, was ordered to stand guard over the ranch.

The seat of the ranch was about ten miles from Nogales, where we were encamped, and the ranch itself was crossed by the border line, most of it being in Mexico, the rest in the United States. It was owned and worked by Americans. The buildings and corrals were within about two hundred yards of the line, and were surrounded by hills.

We established an outpost within a quarter of a mile of the ranch proper, and two observation posts, each upon a hill where we could watch the entire ranch.

We were not in possession of the exact details of the raid, so each one of us had his own idea about our commission. Some said it was for practice, others that a large band of Villa's men was reported to be in the vicinity and moving toward the border, and still others guessed the truth and said the ranch had been raided. Some of the men had inside information from their friend, the General, that Villa was marching toward the border and could be expected to attack us any minute.

These intimidating tales had a marked effect upon some of the younger men, especially upon private Kennon, a very trusting and gullible youth. When two hundred and forty extra rounds of amunition were given him, and he was stationed at one of the observation posts with orders to keep a close watch on the surrounding country and report anything unusual to the corporal of the guard, his nerve began to waver.

Since it was about midnight when Kennon took his post, he was doomed to spend the two darkest hours of the night on duty.

As the minutes dragged by, Kennon heard or saw nothing which caused him alarm. His youthful imagination, however, proved his undoing. He remembered the stories he had read of the wily Mexicans crawling on their hands and knees and

striking the unsuspecting guards at Columbus with their big machetes. What if the bloody incident were repeated? No, it could not be, for he would keep an eagle eye turned in all directions at once.

Hearing a slight noise at the foot of the hill, he was at once brought back to earth. "What was that?" he asked himself, and strained his ears and eyes in the direction from which the noise had come. He could not see, but he could hear something crawling up the hill. His heart leapt into his throat and his blood ran cold. He could hear the noise quite plainly now and made ready for quick action.

"It is a greaser as sure as I am born," thought Kennon. "Oh!" and he started with a jump, "I can see his eyes, and he's headed straight for me," he cried to himself. "Wish he'd stand up and give me a decent shot at him, but I'll get him right between the eyes; they are so shiny I can't miss them." The eyes continued to approach and were now quite near.

"Halt! Who is there?" he shouted. "No answer. Guess the greaser don't understand," he said to himself. "Alta! Quien esta?" he cried in Spanish, but the eyes never so much as winked, and came slowly up the hill. The boy, by this time, was all aquiver. "Halt, or I fire!" he cried, and when the eyes came closer, he raised his gun, beaded the greaser square between the eyes, and fired.

"Thank God, that Mex will never use his machete on me," joyfully cried the youth as the greaser rolled down the hill in a lump.

"What's the trouble here?" inquired the stern voice of the corporal of the guard.

"Congratulate me. I've just killed a greaser. Shot him cold and he rolled down the hill like a rock," exclaimed the boy.

"You are relieved from duty. Go to bed for the rest of the night and tell the captain all about it in the morning. I'm sure he'll decorate you with the badge of honor," said the corporal.

"Thanks! Say, he crawled all the way up that hill and all I could see was his eyes," exclaimed Kennon.

"Never mind now. Be quiet! There may be more of them. Go back to camp and go to bed, and say, don't talk to anyone before you see the captain or you will get into trouble," ordered the corporal.

"Got cha, Steve," said the boy and hastened back to camp.

Knowing that all the men would pat him on the back for killing a greaser, he was too happy for words. All night long those greaser eyes looked at him, then he would raise his gun and, with deliberation and certainty of a veteran, take aim and fire. Each time the greaser would roll down the hill, and each time the boy's self-admiration increased.

The first call awakened him and he fell in for revielle, the happiest and proudest boy in the world.

Roll call was given, and when he answered "Here" at the calling of his name, the first sergeant told him to report to the captain at once. "Yes, sir," consented the boy and hastened to the captain's tent. He found him washing his hands and face. He saluted and said, "Sir, did you wish to see me?"

"Why, yes," said the captain without acknowledging the salute. "What was the trouble with you last night?"

"Nothing," modestly said the boy, "only a greaser tried to crawl up on me and I sent him rolling down the hill with a head full of lead."

"Yes, so I hear," said the captain, "but what kind of a looking greaser was he?"

"A short, fat fellow. Guess he can be found at the foot of the hill," answered the boy.

"What were your orders, Kennon?" asked the captain.

"To maintain a strict watch, to report anything unusual to the corporal of the guard, and to shoot in self-defense only," quickly replied the boy with stress upon the strict watch.

"Well, give this report to the sergeant of the guard," said the captain, handing the boy a hand-written report.

Hurrying over to the sergeant of the guard, the boy gave him the message. The man read it to himself with a big smile, and then aloud so that the entire guard could hear.

"It is reported that a short, fat Mexican was killed by private Kennon. The body of the Mexican has been found this morning by some of the ranch hands, lying at the foot of the hill to our left. Private Kennon is to be congratulated, as a bullet squarely between the eyes attests the boy's prowess with the rifle and his ability to keep his nerve while under trying circumstances. I regret, but I must order Private Kennon to go to the foot of the hill and bury his dead," said the sergeant, almost in a fit of laughter. Then, having been asked to give three cheers for Private Kennon, the guards gave him three big ones. Needless to say, the boy was rather self-satisfied as he shouldered his pick and shovel and started for the foot of the hill.

"Wonder how far he rolled?" questioned Kennon. "He

ought to be about here. Hello, What's this?" he asked himself, seeing a gunnysack, full of something, lying on the ground a short way before him.

Upon closer examination he found that there was a body in the sack, so, with a half shudder, he stooped over to pull it under a tree. Noticing a tag tied to the end of the sack he read, "Dear Kennon: Herein lies your greaser. He is all yours. Burry him without the sack!

Signed, Captain Sydenham and the boys."

"That was nice of them, but still it was strange," thought Kennon. He opened the top of the sack and almost fainted when the same two eyes of the night before peered out at him.

"Oh horrors!" he cried, "it's a pig!"

Music

CLAUDIA DAVIS, '18

Music swelling on the breeze,
Startled, worried much his ease.
He listened long, his brain disquiet,
Panic great in his breast ran riot.
Onward, quickly, then he passed,
Awakened to his guilt at last.
One sweet strain by mortal sent,
A creature learning to repent.
Music swelling through the air,
Startled, stopped, and pleased him there
Sweet it was to him, and low,
Harmony erased his woe.
Onward, silently, he passed,
Calmed and soothed and helped at last
By one sweet strain of mortal sent;
So each helps to betterment.

All's Well that Ends Well

HAZEL FRIIS, '18

EVERYTHING was clothed in darkness in Warren save St. Ann's Seminary for girls, from whose windows shone bright rays of light. These sent a warm feeling to the heart of a weary traveler going up the graveled drive and made him quicken his footsteps. Arriving at the building, he stood contemplating, wondering what place it was, and whether or not he should enter. He walked to the window, whence issued music, and looked in to see two girls in a living room, one playing the piano, the other reading.

"H'm," he mused. "I can't imagine what place this is. Think I had better knock." Without further delay, he gave a resounding knock.

The music stopped almost instantly. There was the sound of hurried footsteps, and the door opened, revealing two eager faces,—then a horrified gasp and the door slammed in his face.

But the slam of the door daunted him not a bit, for he opened it again and walked boldly in. The girls started to make a hurried exit, but he held out his hand in a friendly way and said:

"I,— I beg your pardon, but please don't leave me in this fix. I'd like to know what place this is and how I can get transportation to Gainsville."

His appearance was truly comical, and the girls could not keep from giggling.

"This is St. Ann's Seminary for girls," said the younger of the two, "and no gentlemen are allowed to visit here."

Oh, but I'm not visiting," he said. "I don't want to stay here. I'd like to get away, as I said before, to Gainesville, as quickly as I possibly can."

"Well, why don't you go? We are not keeping you," said the girls with mischievous smiles. "You really forced your way in, and if the matron should find us talking, we couldn't even tell her what your name is. We'd surely be in a precarious position if she should happen along just now, because nothing we could do or say would make her believe that we

didn't invite you beforehand. We wouldn't mind a bit if you should go."

"That certainly is sympathy," said Conrad, "and I need help so desperately. But still it seems to me that I have one friend here anyway. We were only little kids, about eleven or twelve, and went to school together. My aunt wrote me about a week ago, and told me she was here. Her name was-a-ah-Oh yes, Lucile-a-something-er-other."

"Lucile Fletcher?" asked one of the girls.

"Yes, that's it," said Conrad. "Do you know her?"

"Know her? Well I ought to when this is she right here," said the oldest girl, giving her chum a pat on the back.

"Well, Lucile Fletcher, I'd never have known you in a thousand years," said Conrad, advancing with outstretched hand. I don't suppose you remember Conrad Maxwell either, especially in this attire."

They shook hands warmly, eyeing one another curiously all the while.

"I'm sure glad to meet you again, Conrad," said Lucile. "You certainly have changed as much in looks as I have," with a downward glance. "And now, meet my chum, Jean Durelle. Do you know, Jean, he used to be the worst mischief maker that ever was, and I don't think he has reformed yet."

"Mischief maker is right," echoed Conrad.

"Do you remember the time I broke your doll and you cried so that I gave you my new puppy? Oh say, Miss Durelle, she had a temper."

Lucile and Conrad then proceeded to go over many of the happy days of the past. Jean finally brought them back to earth by asking Conrad how he got there, and when he intended to leave.

"By Jove, I was so glad to see Lucile that I forgot all about that," said Conrad. "Well, I'll tell you how it all happened. I was dressed and all ready to start to Gainesville to take part in the senior play. A freshman that I hazed in the early part of the term volunteered to take me in his machine. You know, I never thought he could summon spunk enough to get even, and gladly accepted his invitation. Being as I stayed at Gainesville most of the time, I naturally don't know the country around here, and rode along in good faith. When we got out here about ten miles in the wrong direction, he asked me to remove myself so that he could fix something on the machine, and then drove off and left me. Say, I could have wrung the little piker's neck. Well, I started to walk

back and got on the wrong road. This place was the first I saw, so I walked in, not knowing where I was. I can get back in time to take my part in the senior play if it is possible to catch a train that will get me there by half-past nine. If you will kindly loan me my fare, Lucile, I will pay you back with interest."

"Certainly I will," she said. "But hark! Here comes the matron. Come this way, quick!" and she led the way to a dressing room.

She had received a large box of finery from Paris a few days before. She lifted the lid and bade him get in. He jumped in just in time, for the matron was knocking on the door.

"Girls," she said as she breathlessly entered, "I saw a man in the hall but a moment ago, and I think he entered your dressing room. He was a most desperate looking character, and I must locate him. Come, help me search."

"I am sure you must be mistaken, for I just came from there," said Lucile politely, while their hearts beat such a lively tattoo that they were certain she could hear them.

"Just the same, starting here, I am going to search every room until he is located," said Mrs. Foster, and she strode over to the door of Lucile's dressing room and seized the knob determinedly. Jean's wits deserted her and she ran out into the hall. She sent up a series of loud and piercing shrieks, which brought the matron on the run.

Meanwhile, she disappeared hastily down the corridor and, with much ducking and dodging, made her way back to Lucile. There a new transformation greeted her.

Draped in a coy, clinging gown, a drooping hat, and lacy veil on her head, stood a slim young lady in the latest mode. A silver mesh bag, containing her fare, dangled at her wrist. The disguise was so complete that she would have accepted her at face value, but for the voice, which proclaimed her to be their estimable friend, Conrad Maxwell.

"Heigh-ho, Jean, how's this?" said he, executing some fancy steps with the fairy lightness of an elephant, to the great detriment of Lucile's finery.

"Fine," said she, meaning the clothes, and with a wary eye on the door, "but I think you had better retreat before the matron comes."

"Righto!" he exclaimed, suddenly anxious again. "Come on, Lucile. Show your lady friend to the door."

They managed to restrain his high spirits at seeing free-

dom so near at hand, and were half-way down the hall when they heard Mrs. Foster's returning footsteps.

"Now, for goodness' sake, don't talk," said Lucile: "Let us do all that is required."

Mrs. Foster rapidly approached and, catching sight of the strange young lady, exclaimed in surprise, "Why, Lucile, I did not know you had company."

"Yes," said Lucile with an air as unconcerned as if it were not unusual for young ladies in the filmiest of fashionable apparel to make flying visits at half-past eight in the evening. "My friend wanted to get some articles of make-up that were very necessary and which she remembered I had. She has to hurry right away to catch the nine o'clock train back."

"And I must certainly say that these young friends of mine have acted like bucks to-night, too, in helping me out," said Conrad, thoughtlessly. Lucile gave him a dreadful look, which caused him to remember instantly, while Mrs. Foster stepped back in amazement at the sound of a gruff masculine voice issuing from the throat of such a refined appearing young person.

Jean's heart sank, but Lucile was mistress of the situation.

"She has caught a dreadful cold, too, and I'm afraid she is liable to be quite ill from this trip."

"My goodness," said Mrs. Foster. "No wonder, with such light clothes in this kind of weather. Let me go and get a wrap for you and some excellent bronchial tablets I have that will cure your cold right away."

"Oh, I'm afraid he—she hasn't time," cried Lucile, stepping at the same time on Conrad's foot, seeing he was about to speak.

"Indeed, I couldn't think of letting her go out on such a night as this without a wrap," said Mrs. Foster as she hurried away. She returned in a few moments with a wrap, in which she enveloped Conrad. Besides, she pressed a box of tablets into his hand. He mumbled his thanks, and they hurried him away, glad to have escaped so easily.

When they returned to the room, Lucile said she had thought up the disguise while Jean ran out to head off the matron. That dear lady took her to account on the shrill cries she had so startled her with. Jean explained it easily by saying that a large mouse had come running toward her. The matron shuddered and set a trap for the innocent creature.

During the next three months, Lucile found very good excuses for spending her week-ends at home, and always came

back a jollier girl. Finally, Jean could stand the suspense no longer, and asked Lucile why she went home so much oftener than before, and what the chief attraction was.

"Well, Jean," she answered, "I suppose you may as well know it now as ever. Of course, Conrad is the chief attraction. We kept up quite a correspondence after that venturesome escape from here, and he called on me when I went home. Give me your congratulations, old pal. We are going to be married next June."

3.1416

ALICE DEAN, '19.

A student in geometry,
Who over it did sigh,
Was requested by his teacher dear
To go in search of "pi."
Of course he couldn't find it now,
And he simply wouldn't try;
So therefore he decided quick
There was one that he could buy.

The pie, it was a lemon one
Just stacked up high with cream,
And o'er its sides the juice did run;
It simply was a dream.
His hat was placed right over it;
Through it the juice did stream.
What matter if the hat was spoiled
For just a boyish scheme?

Betty's Revenge

GEORGIA PORTER, '17

BETTY Newton was just an ordinary American girl, full of life and always ready for fun. One thing about Betty was that no one could get ahead of her. She was sure to get revenge, somehow, if it took her weeks to do it. Just now she had a grudge against a friend of hers who was continually playing tricks on her. She was really very angry at him. His name was Percival Prentiss, and, as one would guess by his name, "he loved the ladies." As the days went by and nothing happened, he thought Betty had forgotten all about it. But it was not so with Miss Betty. As time went on, her desire for revenge was growing greater. She could not hit upon a successful plan, however.

It was Friday night, and Betty was still thinking about the revenge, when the telephone bell rang. This gave her an idea. There was a new girl at school named Jewell Hart. She was a pretty little blonde, and very popular with everyone. As usual, Percival had been trying his best to be the victor, but, as yet, he had not even received an introduction.

Betty now assumed the role of Jewell and rang up Percival's residence. She changed her voice and imitated the soft, gentle voice of Jewell. Percival came to the telephone and in answer to his rather gruff, "Hello!" she said, "Oh, is that you, Percival—I mean Mr. Prentiss?"

Percival listened, amazed. It could not be Jewell. Why—it was—it WAS Jewell! He would know her voice anywhere.

"Jewell—that is—Miss Hart, is it really you?"

After a rather suppressed giggle from the other end of the telephone came that gentle voice again, "I was just wondering if you could tell me about the dance the boy's club gave the other evening. You know I'm to write up about all the parties we've had this year for the school annual, and I thought you would be able to tell me about it, as you were at the head of it."

"Oh yes," and Percival explained all about the dance.

Then again came the other voice, "The boys are giving another dance to-morrow night, aren't they?"

"Yes, we have them quite often."

"I guess you have good times, don't you?

"We have dandy times."

"I bet you do. I've never been to one."

Percival was taken aback at this. This was not like Jewell. Why, this girl was asking him right out to take her! But, of course, Jewell did not mean it that way. Well, why shouldn't he ask her? Did he dare? Suppose she refused. He decided to risk it anyway.

"Jewell—ah—Miss Hart, may I have the pleasure of taking you to the dance tomorrow evening? Please say yes."

"Oh, Mr. Prentiss, I'd love to go, but, you see, I promised to meet my aunt down at the library to-morrow evening. I must bring her a package from mother."

"Couldn't you go up to the dance afterwards?"

"Why yes, I suppose so. Then, if you'll meet me at the library at eight-thirty, I will go."

"Don't forget."

"All right. I won't. Good-bye."

"Good-bye, Jewell."

As Percival hung up the receiver, he grabbed a pillow and danced around the room with it. There was a broad smile of satisfaction on his face. He had won after all. If he had known that she would have gone, he would have asked her sooner, but, somehow, he was rather afraid of her, even if she was small.

Saturday seemed to pass so slowly, but it was finally spent, and he was speeding toward the library in his new Chalmers When he got to the library, it was only eight-twenty, so he decided to go in and read. Jewell would soon be there. He picked up a magazine, but, after reading the same paragraph for about five minutes, he put the book away. Every time he heard the door open, he glanced up expecting to see Jewell; but no Jewell appeared. Several times he heard a light step and glanced up, his face all smiles, only to be met with the answering smile of some old lady. At last the library clock struck nine. This was closing time, so he got up and went out. He did not know what to think. Perhaps she had gone on up to the dance—but she would not go alone. Maybe someone else had taken her up, or suppose some accident had befallen her on the way! By this time, Percival was very much exxcited. If any other fellow had dared to take her—he would—well they had better look out, that was all. He would show them! At any rate, he would go up to the dance and see if she was up there. He

jumped into his machine and was soon there. He went to the door and looked around, but saw no Jewell. Something must have happened to her. He would go home. How could he dance when he was so worried! In spite of the boys' entreaties, he refused to stay. On arriving home he decided to telephone. Maybe their machine was broken and she had not been able to get in after all. They could go yet, it was only nine-thirty. Taking down the telephone book, he looked up the name, but, as they were new-comers, their name was not in the book; consequently, he asked central for their residence. Then he waited. Why did they not answer? He could stand the suspense no longer.

Finally came a man's gruff voice over the telephone, "Hello!"

For a second Percival was speechless, then he said, "Is—is Jewell—that is—I mean is Miss Hart there?"

"No, she isn't. Jewell left on the afternoon train yesterday, right after school. She is spending the week-end in the city. Anything I can do for you?"

"But I don't understand! Why—why—"

"You don't understand? Are you deaf? I said Jewell left yesterday on the afternoon train for the city. What is the name, please? I will tell her who 'phoned."

"Yes, yes, I understand. Good-bye."

Percival hung up the receiver and sank into the nearest chair. His manner was quite different from when he had answered the 'phone on the previous evening. Something was wrong somewhere. Who could it have been? Then, as an idea struck him, he jumped up. The anger in his face gradually gave way to a rather sheepish grin as he said, half aloud, "Well, I guess I deserved it after all. I'm cured of teasing Betty Newton, believe me!"

Getting Even

MILDREDA V. HULT, '17

MY Sister, Charlotte, and I were fond of inventing new games, so one day we decided to play we were telephone girls. We went down town and into the telephone office, in order to get a better idea of the way that the real telephone girls look and act.

After seeing the instruments of torture that the telephone girls wore, I decided to be a customer and fix my sister up as a telephone girl.

I took grandfather's checker board for a switch board. A large nail on the end of a rope, which I had placed around my sister's neck, was the means of connection. She punched the nail through the squares in the checker board. I tied the hose, with a large nozzle on it, to my sister's waist by means of a rope, so that she could talk into it. By the time I was through with her, she was tied securely to the bench.

I went into the barn and stood just in back of my sister and said, "Hello! Give me 17F11. Quick, please!"

"Aw, what's your hurry? Get fresh an' I won't connect ya 'tall," my sister was saying, trying to imitate the girls she had heard yesterday.

The novelty of the game was wearing off, because it was nothing new for me to be called down by Charlotte. I had a sudden inspiration, so I reached over and turned on the water in the hose, that being my sister's mouth-piece.

Then I ran, and when I turned around, my sister was still in the chair, her hands waving frantically above her head. But for once I had the best of her. She could not talk.

The Legend of the Arrowhead

WILLARD FRAZER, '17

IN Southern California, on the side of a large mountain, is a bare, scar-like space, shaped like an arrow-head. It stands out so plainly that it can be seen for miles around.

Knowing that there must be some Indian legend connected with it, I determined to find some Indian who knew this legend and have him relate it to me. Out of many I asked, I finally found one, an old, feeble chief who knew this legend, and he graciously consented to make me acquaintd with it.

Many years ago there lived in this valley a tribe of Indians, happy and contented, and loved by Manitou. They hunted in their own mountains and fished in their own streams, and their braves were stalwart, strong, and courageous. Their hunting was all that they could wish; fish were abundant, and maize was grown with very little difficulty.

But one day, after traveling many days, six braves came upon a fertile valley, by the side of which theirs seemed to be a desert. Nowhere was such hunting and fishing. Nowhere was maize grown with such little outlay.

Counting the number of wigwams in this new valley, the braves saw that the tribe in possession was a small one, much smaller than theirs. As they stood there thinking, the hearts of the braves grew envious. They resolved to return home and persuade their people to take their posessions and move into this valley.

Returning home, they praised the new valley so loudly and long that they induced the rest of the tribe to move into it and kill all the braves of the tribe in possession.

They would not heed the voice of Manitou, saying, "That is their valley; this is yours. Have you not plenty to eat and drink? Is not your hunting and fishing good enough? Why do you covet that which is not yours?"

Taking their possessions, the tribe started across the mountains. While climbing up the side of one large mountain they heard a loud rumbling and roaring beneath them Then a hole, in the shape of an arrow-head, opened beneath them and they were engulfed. Although the hole filled up, no trees or vegetation remained where it had been. That bare space is there to this day as a symbol of the punishment of the envious.

Horoscope

NAME	NICKNAME	APPEARANCE	EXPRESSION
Dan Anzini.	Just Dan.	Business-like.	Yea bo!
A. Brunhofer	Brunie.	High-Brow.	Oh Lord!
G. Carrington.	Gert.	Ask Dan.	Gosh Darn!
Ruth Davis.	Susie.	Modest.	Oh, Gee!
Charlie Deardorf.	Dearie.	Sleepy.	Good, Uh!
Wilard Frazer.	Frazzles.	Pathetic.	You Poor Fish!
Alma Hall.	Hallar.	Charming.	Ding bust it!
Myrtle Holden.	Myrta.	Amiable.	Oh, Dear!
Pauline Hollis.	Slim.	Sassy.	Oh, scissors!
Will Huff.	Bill	Dignified.	Well, I'll be doggoned!
Mildred Hult.	Millie.	Gay.	For heaven's sake!
Mark Ingraham.	Mick.	Bashful.	Blank.
Alice Jess.	Pat.	Happy-go-lucky.	The big nut!
Philip Martin.	Phil.	Smiling.	Oh, Poodle!
Ethel McGinnis.	June.	Coquettish.	Glory Be!
Ellen Nichols.	Nick.	Pious.	Shucks!
Marion Nichols.	January.	Quiet.	Whoa Nancy, you old fool!
Flora Norris.	Nora Florris.	Interesting.	Gosh!
Georgia Porter.	George.	Dainty (??)	Laugh, I tho't I'd die!
Eunice Reyburn.	Cupie.	Happy.	Stop kidding me!
Norma Semino.	Gretchen.	Demure.	Merciful Creampuffs!
Constance Swenson.	Con.	Sweet.	Fiddles!
George Toft.	Sparkles.	Amorous.	Oh! the deuce!
Isabel White.	Izzy.	Aristocratic.	Oh! he's a darling!
Catherine Fuller.	Katrina.	Prim.	Au! I don't know!

# of Senior Class

FAVORITE SONG	HOBBY	DESTINATION
"I Love the Ladies."	Getting ads.	A devoted young husband
"I'm a Lucky boy to have a Girl Like You."	Getting B. & G. material	Baker
"I Never Knew."	Talking to Dan.	Red Cross nurse to a college of Broken Hearts.
"Please go Away and Let Me Study."	Combing her hair.	A hairdresser.
"L-A-Z-Y Spells Lazy"	Getting unsuspected cases on freshmen.	Ask H. C.
"And the Little Motor Rambled Right Along."	Studying (??)	The Village Wit.
"Down Honolulu Way."	Has returned at last.	Matrimony.
"No Wedding Bells for Me."	Public speaking.	An orator.
"What do you make those eyes at me for when you don't mean what you say."	Redwood dances.	Mrs. Vernon Castle II.
"Take it Nice and Easy."	Baseball.	Baseball captain.
"Don't Blame Me."	Cutting school.	Ballet dancer.
Doesn't Sing.	Dodging the girls.	A bachelor.
"And then I Laughed."	Playing jokes.	Lady "cop."
"I know I've got More Than My Share."	Writing notes to Sophs.	A ladies' man.
"Missouri Waltz Song."	Disturbing the peace.	An old maid (?)
Doesn't possess one.	Crocheting.	Kindergarten teacher.
"Way Down Yonder in the Corn Field."	Working.	Representative to Congress.
"Can't You See I'm Lonely."	Nothing special.	An actress.
"Dreaming."	German.	Somebody's "Frau."
"There's a little bit of Bad in Every Good Little Girl."	Fording.	Castro Ave.
"On the shores of Italy."	Drawing cartoons.	A "Co-ed."
"Do You Sometimes Think of Me."	Riding in a Buick.	A music composer.
"Pretty Baby."	"Jit" driving.	A diamond dealer.
"Listen to This."	Giggling.	A society leader.
"I want to go back to Michigan."	Worrying.	A settlement worker.

G. CARRINGTON, '17 EUNICE REYBURN, '17

Unpremeditated Strategy

GERTRUDE JOSEPH, '18

IT Was in the fall of the year. The stillness of the air was profound, and was disturbed only now and then by the faint boom of a distant cannon.

Lucile was curled up in a rocking chair gazing out of the window. The sound of the cannon seemed not to disturb her in the least, and why should it? Had not her Daddy told her he would be back by six o'clock? Of course it was only a little before four, but waiting was not so weary when she had so many thoughts to occupy her mind.

Suddenly came the sound of horses' hoofs. It grew louder, and soon men's voices could be heard. Lucile glanced down the lane and saw a whole troop of soldiers riding at full speed toward the house. Her heart beat violently.

"They are the Yankees come to look for Daddy! Dear me, what shall I do? If they see me, they will question me. Where can I hide? Of course they will search the house and find me." Suddenly the great clock out in the hall struck four!

"Ah, I know what I'll do," she exclaimed with a joyful little cry. I'll hide in the clock. They will never guess that anyone could hide in there. Besides, they are looking for a big man, and a man could never get into it."

She quietly opened the tall, narrow door and crept into the dark corner, where there was just enough room for her to stand and yet not disturb the swing of the pendulum.

"Halt!" The command rang out and echoed through the house.

"Dudley, make a thorough search of the outside premises. Harris, we will see to the searching of the house."

Then the sound of many steps could be heard, mixed with the clang of the sabers as the officers dismounted. After an hour's search the place again grew quiet. Many times they had passed Lucile's hiding place, but never dreamed of looking there.

Meanwhile, Lucile, growing weary of waiting, had been watching the pendulum swinging to and fro, and, tired of its slow and even motion, she gave it a little push every time it swung into her dark corner. Soon it was swinging rapidly.

"Guard all the entrances to the place, especially the rear gate." The voice vibrated through the house, and sounded so near that Lucile trembled. Then two men came into the

hall alone. Stopping before the clock one exclaimed, "By George, it's half past five already! That rebel spy will be here in a few moments, or else he is not coming back tonight. Come, let's go into the kitchen. Maybe we can find something to please the palate." So into the kitchen they stamped.

Fear gripped Lucile's heart. "Daddy is coming at six o'clock and will soon be here, and oh, the Yankees will catch him!" she thought. The faster her heart beat, the harder she pushed the pendulum.

All of a sudden the clock struck six! The noise frightened Lucile so that it nearly took her breath away. It was six o'clock already.

"Come, Harris. It's six. He'll not come home tonight. The command, you know, was to stay only until six."

Lucile soon heard the men pass out and give orders to the soldiers, who had been waiting for her father. Then, amid shouts, the stamping of horses, and coarse oaths, the soldiers rode off. Timidly the girl crept out. She was so glad to be free and out in the light again.

"But maybe the man was right, that Daddy won't come back tonight," thought Lucile. Her dread, however, was soon dispelled, for she saw her father coming through the brush. With a glad cry, she ran out and threw herself into his arms.

"Oh, the Yankees were after you, Daddy, but they are gone now." Then she told the whole story. Her father laughed and carried her into the house.

"Well, I declare. That clock is a full half hour fast. That is what saved my life, Lucy. You see it is just six by the right time," explained her father.

Lucile saved her father's life, but never realized how till many years afterwards.

ALUMNI

H. TOTMAN '19

ALMA HALL, '17

THE alumni seldom have the opportunity of coming into contact with those who have succeeded them in upholding the undeniably high standard of this institution; yet we are quite sure that they embrace the opportunity when it arises, and gladly. Since the success of each individual may, in part, be attributed to the knowledge gained in a school of known worth, the alumni must, and of right should, have an inexpressable regard for this institution. We are pleased to know that we may justly feel that success must inevitably come to those who are graduated from our school. The following notes indicate, as closely as can be expected, the whereabouts and occupations of the alumni:

1904

Green, Edward, Teacher.....Dublin, Alameda Co.

1905

Addatto, Mrs. S. V. (nee Edna Higgins).....San Jose
Whittemore, Alice, Teacher.....Mountain View

1906

Ayer, Willard, Ranching.....Mountain View
Barry, Mrs. R. K. (nee Ruby Trubschenk).....Sacramento
Bubb, John, Mechanical Engineer.....In the East
Sturla, Rosa, Settlement work.....New York
Wagner, Louis, Druggist.....Mountain View

1907

Atkins, Charles, Principal.....Oleander
Totman, Mrs. (nee May Cushing).....Rio Vista

1908

Albertsworth, Mrs. (nee Barbara Knox).....Washington, D. C.
Goodwin, William, Teaching in Polytechnic High School
.....Los Angeles

Garliepp, William, Student Stanford University ..... Mountain View
Ish, Max, with Hardware Firm ..... Visalia
Ish, Mrs. Max, (nee Henrietta Bar) ..... Visalia
Newnan, Mrs. C. E. (nee Alice Hill) ..... Mountain View
Shull, Claude, Teacher ..... South Lancaster, Mass.
Shull, Mrs. Claude, (nee Adeline Chapman) ..... South Lancaster, Mass.
Tait, Mrs. O. (nee Alice Chapman) ..... Mountain View

1909

Adams, Mrs. E. (nee Agnes Urban) ..... Lakeport
Burton, Miriam, Teaching Music, College of Pacific ..... Sunnyvale
Dickson, Albert R., Physician ..... Los Angeles
Dickson, Mrs. L. (nee Ysabel Morton) ..... Portland, Ore.
Eastwood, Mary, Teacher ..... Mountain View
Frick, Roy, Employed in Mtn. View Schools ..... Mountain View
George, Mrs. Harold, (nee Jennie Cushing) ..... Modesto
Goodwin, Mrs. William (nee Rosa Baker) ..... Los Angeles
Sinz, John, Employed in Pacific Hardware and Steel Company ..... San Francisco

1910

Ames, Dan, Farming ..... Mexico
Beal, Mrs. C. (nee Helen Evans) ..... Washington
Beall, Mrs. E. (nee Electa Burkett) ..... Mayfield
Brightman, Ewart, Salesman, Aluminum Utensil Co. ..... San Francisco
Duernberger, Roscoe, Teaching in High School ..... Blabon, North Dakota
Duwal, Mrs. Fred (nee Irene Weber) ..... San Francisco
Herbert, Frank, ... Los Gatos
Hustler, Mrs. C. (nee Catherine Day) ..... Oakland
Landis, Mrs. L. (nee Helen Drake) ..... St. Helena
Macrum, Natalie, Teaching ..... Los Altos
Mosher, Mrs. Edgar de Wolfe (nee Fanny Distel) ..... Islands
Newnan, Eva, Post Graduate, Stanford Univ. ..... Mountain View
Phelps, Ethel, Teaching ..... Jaro, Philippines
True, Pearl, Teacher ..... Mountain View

1911

Center, Carrie, At Home ..... Mountain View
Eversole, Mrs. Edward A. (nee Bessie Guartney) ..... Ukiah
Frazer, Raymond, Teaching ..... Idaho
Gwartney, Mrs. Wallace (nee Joyce Colvin) ..... Red Bluff
Hoernig, Ottilie, At Home ..... Sunnyvale

Harcourt, Elizabeth, Teacher.....Mountain View
Huntington, Frances,.....Palo Alto
Job, Martha, Teacher.....Mountain View
Mason, Bernard, Ranching.....Willitts
Morton, Leslie, In business in San Jose.....Mountain View
O'Connell, Frank, Graduate from Stanford Univ.
.....Mountain View
Pasaol, Joseph, Managing farm.....Mountain View
Phelps, Delma, Teaching.....Iloilo, Philippines
Rankin, Luro, University of Illinois.....Urban, Illinois
Swall, Rudolph, Employee, Dudfield Lumber Co.....Palo Alto
Urban, Joseph, Inspector of Oil Lands.....Michigan

1912

Boag, Mrs. W. T. (nee Alice Barnes).....San Francisco
Booher, Ruth, Stenographer.....San Francisco
Cook, Phoebe, Teacher in Spring Valley Grammar
School.....San Francisco
Corbet, Arlie, Teaching in Night School.....Mountain View
Donaldson, Lorna, At Home.....Palo Alto
Drake, Henrietta, Working in Palo Alto.....Mountain View
Goodwin, Vina, At Home.....Coyote
Hagerty, Edith, Teaching.....Gazelle, Siskiyou Co.
Hagerty, Clara, Teaching.....Greenview, Siskiyou Co.
Houseman, Edith, Milliner.....Mountain View
Kelsey, Josephine, Teacher.....Etna Mills
Kensler, Goldie, Teaching.....Ager, Siskiyou Co.
Livesay, Mrs. Paul (nee Louise Hobart).....Palo Alto
Moore, Mrs. Charles (nee Minnie Rowles).....Mountain View
Moore, Charles, In Moore's Furinture Store....Mountain View
Mosher, Raymond, Teaching Music at San Jose
Normal School.....San Jose
Morton, Le Roy, Running Machine Shop.....San Jose
Norris, Dorothy, Stenographer.....San Francisco
Roberts, Alice, Employee at Pacific Press.....Mountain View
Rubald, Mrs. Walter A. (nee Blanche Butler).....San Rafael
Skinner, Rilda, Teaching.....Purissima
Slater, Kenneth, Principal Grammar School.....Newman
Stewart, Annette, Student, Stanford University
.....Mountain View
Watts, Wauneta, Trained Nurse.....Mountain View

1913

Booher, Esther, Milliner.....Mountain View
Booher, Naomi, Teacher.....Houston
Dyer, Henrietta, At Home.....Mountain View

Eastwood, Alice, Teacher.....Siskiyou Co.
Emerson, Ethel, Student, Stanford University..Mountain View
Freeman, Edna, Teacher in Sunnyvale.....Mountain View
Harcourt, Reginald, Employee Pacific Gas and Electric .....Mountain View
Kensler, Clarence, Ranching.....Washington
Loucks, Ernest, Praesidio (in Coast Artillery....San Francisco
Logue, Mary, Teacher in Sunnyvale.....Mountain View
Martel, Alfred,.....Travelling
Moore, Marguerite, Training as nurse at Peninsula Hospital.....Palo Alto
Millet, Emma, Student, Stanford University.....Sunnyvale
Poppleton, Graden, Employed by Electric Co.....Portland, Ore.
Poppleton, Glennmore, Ranching.....Mountain View
Pearson, Alice, Bookkeeping for Pearson & Co..Mountain View
Rogers, Gladys, Working in Roger's Delicatessen Store .....Mountain View
Setzer, Irene, Teacher.....Lassen Co.
Wyman, Ada, At Home.....Mountain View

1914

Brubaker, Mrs. O. (nee Madeline Brown).....Los Altos
Dunshee, Mrs. Ray (nee Lola Brown).....Palo Alto
Dermody, James,.....Haiku, Maui, Hawaii
Drake, Ruth, Nurse.....San Francisco
Frazer, Leslie, ...Sacramento
Freeman, Eldora, Teacher.....Mountain View
Hagerty, Alice, At Home.....Woodland
Hoernig, Florence, Teacher.....Siskiyou Co.
Keagy, Beulah,.....Sunnyside, Washington
Link, Edith, Teaching.....Kenwood
McConnell, Grace, Bookkeeping at Minton Lumber Co.....Mountain View
Rogers, Iva, Teaching.....Mountain View
Razek, Fannie, Office Work.....Palo Alto
Shobert (Armstrong), Leona, Normal.....San Jose
Toft, Alice, Teaching .....Siskiyou Co.
Wright, Harold, At Home.....Los Altos

1915

Cooper, Alva, Stenographer.....San Francisco
Davis, Victor, Employee, General Electric Co...Mountain View
Dechman, Margaret, Student, College of Pacific College Park.....San Jose
Frazer, Esther, Student, College of Pacific.....Mountain View
Garliepp, Marie, Student, San Jose Normal.....Mountain View

Horton, Helen, At Home.....Mountain View
Job, Beulah, At Home.....Mountain View
Kleckner, Thos., Student, Stanford University..Mountain View
Koo, Byron, Student, Medical College.....Emory, Georgia
Minton, Harriet, Student, San Jose Normal.....San Jose
Mork, Donald, Student, Stanford University....Mountain View
Ohmert, Lila, Student, San Jose Normal.....Mountain View
Ranney, Charlotte, Student, Junior College.....Santa Ana
St. John, Lucile, Working, Pacific Press.....Mountain View
Smith, Esther, Teaching in Private School.....La Port
Semino, Angelo F., Student, Stanford University
.....Mountain View
Wright, Margaret, Student, Heald's Business College
.....Los Altos

1916

Baker, Elsie, Student, San Jose Normal.....Sunnyvale
Barkway, Bonnie, Student, Stanford University
.....Mountain View
Barnes, Vera,.....San Martin
Booher, David, At Home.....Mountain View
Center, Annie, Student, College of Pacific.....Mountain View
Couch, Natalie, Student, College of Pacific.....Mountain View
Hyland, Marguerite, Studying at King's Conservatory
of Music.....Sunnyvale
Holmes, Mildred, Student, Pacific Union College.....St. Helena
Lawler, Esther, At Home.....Bountiful, Utah
Lewis, Louisa, At Home.....Mountain View
McKean, Donald, Ranching.....Merced
Moore, Harold, At Home.....Mountain View
Mockel, Katherine, Student, Heald's Business College
.....Sunnyvale
Oliver, Edith, Student, San Jose Normal.....Mountain View
Parker, Clinton, ...Mexico
Regli, Florence, At Home.....Mountain View
Raines, Henry, ...Fresno
Ross, Hugh, Student, Heald's Business College.....Menlo Park
Skinner, Teresa, Student, San Jose Normal.....Mountain View
Tompkins, Helen, Student, University of California....Berkeley
Tompkins, Henry, At Home.....Mountain View
Thompson, Ruth, At Home.....Sunnyvale
Trulsen. Ellsworth, Employee of an Electric Co..... ..Ukiah
Zahn, Viola, Student, College of Pacific.....San Jose

Staff and Editorials

"Blue and Gray" Staff

Alvin Brunhofer	Editor
Hazel Friis	First Assistant Editor
Marion Regli	Second Assistant Editor
Thelma Neasham	Third Assistant Editor
Isabel White	Organizations and Society
Louis Brisebat	Athletics
William Neasham	Joshes
Flora Norris	Historian
Alma Hall	Alumni
Miss Snow	Art Critic
Dan Anzini	Business Manager
George Toft	Assistant Business Manager

IT may be well to call the public attention to the fact that the staff of officers for this issue of the Blue and Gray is not composed entirely of Seniors as has generally been the case in previous years. Since the annual would come to naught if it were not for the talent and earnest endeavors of the undergraduates, it was thought best to give them a voice in the publication of the annual to which they have always

given their untiring and invaluable support. The Senior Class claimed for its own members merely the offices of Editor-in-chief, business manager, assistant business manager, and historian. The remaining officers were elected at the discretion of the Student body. The fact that members of the graduating class have acted in any of capacities, may be attributed to the will, not of the Senior Class, but of the school as a whole. Students have heretofore contributed to the various departments of the BLUE and GRAY with the feeling that they were doing so under obligation to the Senior class. They have expressed the belief that the Seniors were engrossed in the publication of an annual, not for the sake of upholding the reputation of the school among outside institutions, but solely in the hope of winning honor and glory for themselves. We hope that, with this issue, this undesirable feeling has been removed.

It will readily be noticed, on glancing over the pages devoted to the Faculty, that only three of the members, whose likenesses appeared in last year's copy of the Blue and Gray, may say that they appear in this issue. Mr. Zahn is teaching in the commercial department of the San Jose High School. Mr. Lindsay, who was a resident of San Francisco for some time, is now at his home in Arbuckle, Colusa County. Miss Peckham is holding a position in the history and English departments of Lowell High School, San Francisco. Miss Wolfenbarger is teaching arts and crafts and drawing in the Polytechnic High School, San Francisco. She left us at the beginning of the second semester when two teachers, Miss Johnson and Miss Snow, were secured to fill the vacancy. The former instructs in German; the latter in drawing and arts and Crafts. With the departure of the above-named persons, we lost the services of men and women of exceptional ability, yet we feel that under the leadership of the present corps of teachers, we have made remarkable progress. Certain additions to the regular curriculum have been made which have proved profitable in every sense of the word.

THERE are questions which find a place in the mind of one who is entering upon the actual struggle with the world and its opposing forces which are not to be classed as commonplace or insignificant.

The great mass of people of our day, not realizing that, in the matter of unskilled and semi-skilled labor, the supply ex-

ceeds the demand. Take as a means of livelihood those positions which require little or no preparation in schools of the higher rank. If they were brought to the understanding that the man of skill and training, the man who has specialized in a particular line of work, is much sought after; if they were aware of the golden opportunities and unlimited advantages which are offered in the vacancies which only this class of men may fill, a greater percentage of those who finish the course in the primary school would strive to secure a higher and more fruitful education.

We mention with pride the men of this age who have brought about an advance in learning which has kept pace with the progress of civilization. However, the noted men of our time, as a general rule, dwell too extensively upon problems of which even the common people have a good, practical knowledge. The learned men of old paid little heed to the ordinary movements of the outside world. They followed their research work in the stillness and solitude of their studies and, through the depth and intensity of their thought, were able to give to their fellow men and to all civilized nations truths which could not possibly have arisen from minds incapable of complete concentration.

Moreover, the people of this generation give too much to the expression of their political views; are too deeply concerned about their social standing; are too prone to allow their lives to be influenced by factors which accomplish anything but the proper cultivation of the mind. Bearing these facts in mind, we begin to understand the reasons why problems of great import are left unsolved.

We realize that we have neglected our duty to ourselves and our work. We regret it in no small measure. If only we as a class, had grasped the underlying principles of what we sought to fix in our minds and not merely the bare facts! These are easily found on the surface of any branch of learning.

If our fellow students, who have undoubtedly found that the rose-strewn path of high school life is not entirely free from thorns, would only seize the opportunity and set a standard for the coming generations! Through untiring devotion to study they may give their descendants just cause to regard their works as the keystone in the arch of intellectual achievement.

Class Spirit and Class Penants

THE school term just closing was characterized by considerable spirit as compared with terms past. The heading of this article might lead the reader to believe that *School* spirit was totally lacking. On the contrary two competent yell leaders were elected early in the term, and, under their leadership, although they sometimes faced defeat, our athletes enjoyed the undivided support of the rooting section. Each class, with its chosen teacher, was represented in the parade which opened the Prune and Apricot Day celebration. All present were elaborately decorated. Articles of clothing, as well as banners, were taken as a means of displaying class colors.

However, in speaking of the spirit with which the several classes were imbued, we shall give them consideration in the order in which their pennants were produced.

It seemed for a time that the Junior Class would surely be the most spirited of all. They came forth with their pennant, and one evening it was hung from a wire joining two of the eucalyptus trees at the front of the grounds. It having been decided by the powers that be that no pennant should be hung upon this wire unless all were hung thereupon, several boys from the other classes took it upon themselves to remove the object in question. It was finally recovered by the class of which it was the pride, but was neither placed where all who passed by had seen and admired it, nor even in company with those which were presently forthcoming.

The Seniors followed the example of the Junior Class, hanging their banner from the center of the arch on the Assembly Hall stage. There was little danger, of course, of its being removed from this position.

The Freshmen were next in the production of a banner. It took its place at the right of the Senior Class pennant.

One morning, when school opened, it was found that another had appeared at the extreme right of the group. This was the ensign of the class of 1919, which has, in most instances, proved itself to be spirited in every way. Although the spiritedness of its members cannot be said to have always been made known with strict regard for appropriateness and order, we are glad that we can safely admit that, in spite of the deep reverence which they seemed to have for their particular class, they have never neglected to uphold the honor of the school of which their class was but a part.

Exchanges

As the BLUE AND GRAY is being published earlier than usual this year, the exchanges are sadly lacking in number. We are always glad to receive the publications of other schools, as they show so well the spirit of their institutions. In all these papers there is much to indicate the care and labor spent in selecting and arranging the material.

If the BLUE AND GRAY has no place on your exchange list, please remember us this coming year, as we need to increase our small list of exchanges.

Our exchanges to date are as follows:

Madrono, Palo Alto High.

This paper makes up in quality anything that might be lacking in quantity. It is kept up to a high standard throughout, although more cuts would add life to it.

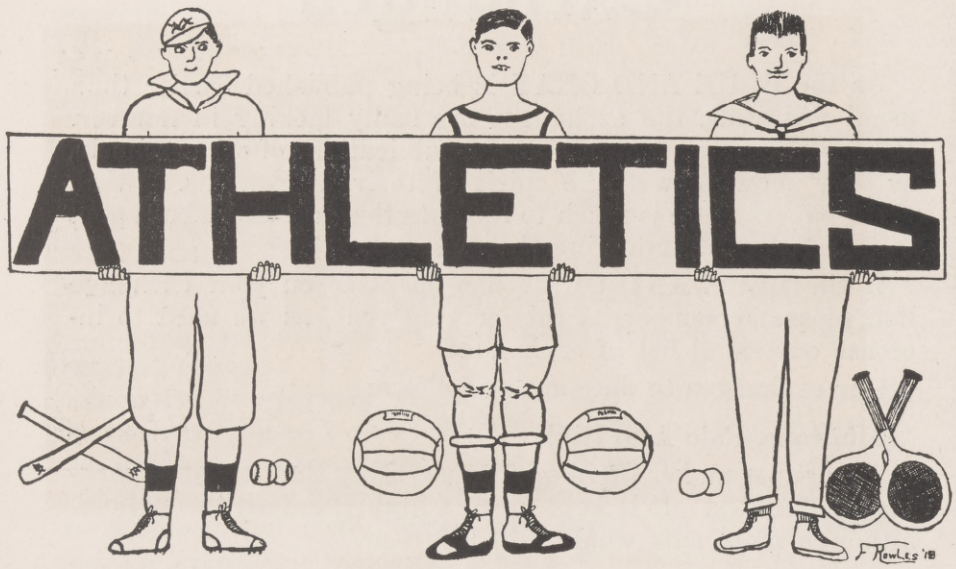
La Revista, Ventura Union High.

This is an excellent annual. The school activities are given a prominent place, and show that life and spirit abound. The absence of any advertisements adds a distinctive touch.

The Bulletin, Huntington Park High.

This breezy little paper, always brimful of life and "Pep," shows what may be done by efficient high school printers and officers.

Cast of "Elopement of Ellen"



FOOTBALL

MOUNTAIN VIEW did not compete with any outside schools in football, but was satisfied with defeating the Alumni 12—5. The boys, with Burke and Silva as stars, played a clean, cooperative game, and they were credited in making the Alumni suffer defeat for the first time in five years. Those on the team were:

Butler	Front rank
W. Hawkins	" "
C. Thompson	Rear rank
Bowers	" "
Huff (Capt.)	Half back
Gray	Full "
O. Thompson	Lock
Finfrock	Breakaway
R. Wright	"
S. Hawkins	1st. ⅝
Mason	2nd. ⅝
Dean	Wing forward
Burke	Center ¾
Silva	Wing ¾
Tutman	" "

Rowles, Wright, Okado, Marcus, N. Logan, Silverstine, and Carpenter were subs.

Left to right, standing:—WRIGHT, NEWNAN, M'g'r; BALE, coach; GRAY, TUTMAN.
Left to right, kneeling:—HUFF, Capt.; W. HAWKINS.

Football prospects for 1918 are very bright as the team is composed mostly of large underclassmen.

BASKETBALL

Basketball immediately followed football. Our list of victories was not long but we were successful in the way of gaining experience. The team was supported by a good rooting spirit, which prevailed even in the eyes of our own defeat. The members of the team were: W. Hawkins, Smith, Grey, Newnan (Mgr.), Huff (Capt.), Wright, and Tutman. The following schools, in the Inter-Urban Athletic Union, were played:

Nov. 7	Campbell	34	M. V. U. H. S.	16
" 13	Santa Clara	34	M. V. U. H. S.	17
" 15	Los Gatos	40	M. V. U. H. S.	20
" 20	Morgan Hill	19	M. V. U. H. S.	25
" 23	Campbell	30	M. V. U. H. S.	17
Dec. 6	Los Gatos	41	M. V. U. H. S.	16
" 12	Morgan Hill	10	M. V. U. H. S.	22
" 15	Santa Clara	22	M. V. U. H. S.	21

TRACK

At the time of this writing our school had ont competed with any outside schools but we are expecting to make a good showing in the coming I. A. U. Meet. Each class had good material making the score very close, especially between the Sophomores and Juniors, the former being the winner. The events were as follows:

Event	Name	Year	Points	Place
100 Yard dash	Rowles	'18	5	1
	Bowers	'20	3	2
	Newnan	'18	1	3
	Tutman	'19		
	Church	'17		
	Nichols	'17		
220 Yard dash	Bowers	'20	5	1
	Tutman	'19	3	2
	Marcus	'18	1	3
	Carpenter	'18		
440 Yard dash	W. Hawkins	'19	5	1
	George Toft	'17	3	2
	S. Hawkins	'20	1	3
	Henderson	'18		
1 Mile	Emerson	'19	5	1
	Huff	'17	3	2
	R. Wright	'20	1	3
	W. Hawkins	'19		
Hurdles	Tutman	'19	5	1
	Brunhofer	'17	3	2
	R. Wright	'20	½	3
	W. Hawkins	'19	½	3
	Thompson	'18		
	Bowers	'20		
	Anzini	'17		
High Jump	N. Logan	'19	5	1
	Newnan	'18	3	2
	Bowers	'20	½	3
	Geisler	'19	½	3
	Anzini	'17		
	Wright	'18		
	Marcus	'18		
	Wright	'20		

Standing Broad Jump	Newnan	'18	5	1
	Marcus	'18	3	2
	M. Adams	'19	1	3
	Geisler	'20		
Running Broad Jump	Newnan	'18	5	1
	M. Adams	'19	3	2
	Geisler	'19	1	3
	Wright	'20		
	Marcus	'18		
	Tutman	'19		
	Bowers	'20		
	Nichols	'17		
Shot	Newnan	'18	5	1
	Bowers	'20	3	2
	Thompson	'18		
Pole Vault	Wagnon	'20	5	1
	Booher	'18	3	2
	Berry	'18	1	3
Relay	Won by Sophomores		5	1

Total scores Freshmen 18½, Sophomores 34, Juniors 32½, Seniors 9.

It is hoped that track will become a more important branch of the school's athletics, for there is natural talent for a strong team. Track, without doubt, will receive recognition in next year's sporting schedule.

BASEBALL

There was more interest shown in baseball than in any other form of athletics. A promising bunch of fellows turned out, and, as a whole, they are natural baseball players. The team won second place in the I. A. U. League and it is well to say that they will be champions, for next year most of our adversaries' teams will be broken up through graduation, while our loss will be but slight. This year's team was the best yet, playing fast teams in good style. At the beginning of the

Left to right:—BRISEBAT, Capt.; HUFF, M'g'r.; SILVA, S. HAWKINS W. HAWKINS, BALE,Coach; GRAY, NEWNAN, MARTIN, N. LOGAN, TUTMAN, Sub.; BOWERS, Sub.

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baseball season, W. Huff was elected manager and L. Brisebat Captain. The following fellows played on the team:

Catcher	Newnan '18
Pitcher	Martin '17, Grey '19
1st. Base	" "
2nd. "	Huff (Mgr.) '17
Short Stop	Brisebat (Capt.) '18
3rd. Base	Silva '19
Left Field	S. Hawkins '20
Center Field	W. Hawkins '19
Right Field	N. Logan '19

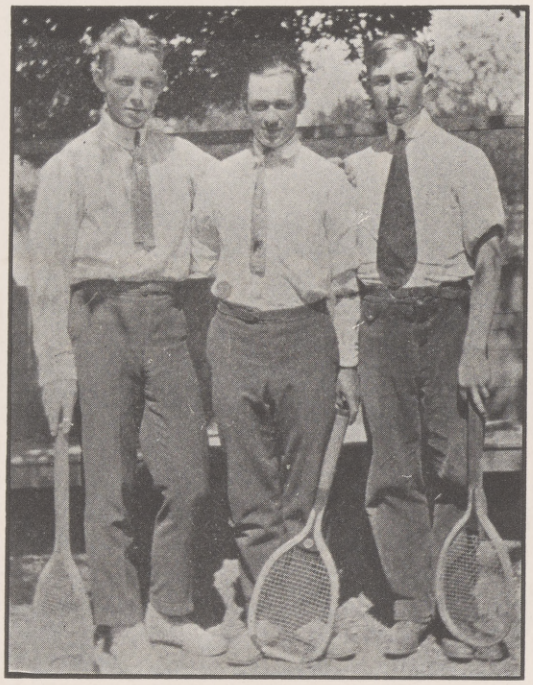
Subs—Dean, Tutman, and Bowers.

The following is a record of the games and scores:

Jan. 16	Hits	Runs	Errors
Sunnyvale Athletes	14	9	7
Mountain View	23	17	4
Jan. 19.			
Manzanita Hall	3	2	2
Mountain View	4	8	6
Feb. 10.			
Sunnyvale Athletes	3	2	5
Mountain View	13	10	3

	Hits	Runs	Errors
March 6			
Manzanita Hall	3	6	5
Mountain View	4	3	8
March 8.			
Santa Clara High	3	5	7
Mountain View (x)	9	14	5
March 14.			
St. Joseph's High	5	13	4
Mountain View	6	17	9
March 15.			
Los Gatos High	9	17	1
Mountain View (x)	4	7	5
March 20.			
Santa Clara Midgets	12	9	4
Mountain View	5	6	12
March 23			
Campbell High	19	20	3
Mountain View (x)	11	13	17
March 23.			
St. Joseph's High	5	6	2
Mountain View	4	4	6
March 28.			
Santa Clara High	2	4	2
Mountain View (x)	11	7	2
April 10			
Sequoia High	6	10	6
Mountain View	14	18	4
April 13.			
Los Gatos High	18	19	8
Mountain View (x)	21	19	7
April 19.			
St. Joseph's High	2	6	2
Mountain View	1	3	7
April 25.			
Santa Clara Midgets	25	14	3
Mountain View	5	5	18
May 2.			
Campbell High	11	11	8
Mountain View (x)	13	12	5

All league games are marked thus: (x)

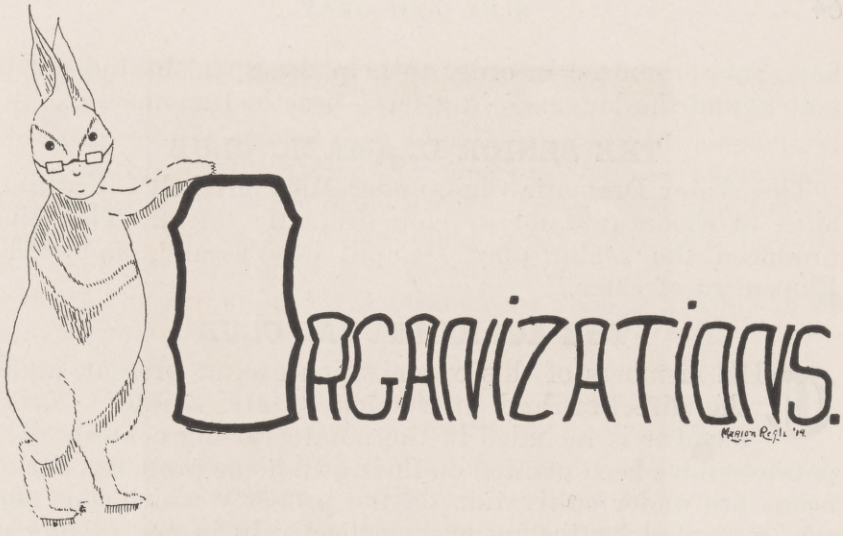


Left to right:—MARTIN, BRISEBAT, HUFF.

TENNIS

Tennis material is being developed more and more each year, and it is expected that tennis will be an important branch of athletics in the future.

Although the season is not over at this writing, we can freely predict a good showing in the I. A. U. Tournament. Martin, Brisebat, and Huff represent the team. Brisebat and Huff were the I. A. U. delegates for the first and second semesters respectively.



OUR most important organization is the Student Body, to which every student in the school belongs. The other organizations and their supervisors are given below.

THE GLEE CLUB

The Glee Club, under the supervision of Miss Mitchell, consists of a chorus of girls and an accompaniest.. They sang in town on Prune and Apricot Day, at the Woman's Club, Parent-Teachers' Association, for the programs at the school, and they will sing for the graduation exercises.

THE ORCHESTRA

The orchestra consists of:

Violins: Dorothy Brown, Ida Fuller, Beulah Joseph, and Eunice Reyburn.
Mandolins:: Hazel Friis, Alice Dean, and Agnes Perry.
Clarionet: Sturla Everhart.
Cornets: Calvin Case and Charlie Newnan.
Saxaphone: Noble Logan.
Drums: Juanita Rathbun.
Piano: Margaret Crowley.
Directrix: Miss Mitchell.

THE PHOTOGRAPHY CLUB

The Photography Club, under the direction of Mr. Smith, is an institution in which the pupils are instructed in the art of taking and developing pictures, and in which they learn to delight in the taking of good and beautiful pictures.

THE SPANISH CLUB

The Spanish Club, under the supervision of Miss Leading-

ham, was organized in order to help the Spanish students to understand the language in a more practical manner.

THE SENIOR DRAMATIC CLUB

The Senior Dramatic Club, under Miss Mitchell's direction, aims to encourage and develop dramatic talent. This club produced the senior play, "Cupid at Vassar", and "The Elopement of Ellen."

THE AGRICULTURAL CLUB

THE members of this organization are, at present, under the direction and instruction of Mr. Zeidler. Every member is included in the potato raising contest. The potatoes have been planted on their own home property. String beans are under cultivation on the property which, last season, was used by the members collectively in the raising of potatoes. The following is a list of the members: Austin Berry, Robert Bowers, Lloyd Henderson, Harold Carpenter, Romaine Clute, Charles Jess, and Edgar Crittenden.

The 1916 Agricultural Club Visit to the Davis Convention

Early Thursday morning, October 12, 1916, six of us boys, Thompson, Marcus, Anzini, Nichols, Smith and Semino, who had obtained the highest averages in the potato contest, climbed onto an early local train bound for San Francisco. We reached the city at nine o'clock, and at twelve we took the ferry to Oakland, arriving there about an hour later. There we took the train to Davis, arriving at the camp about five o'clock. We had just time to get our tent and march in line to the dining hall, where we had our first made-on-the-farm supper. The supper consisted of an abundance of seven different kinds of food, including excellent milk. You may well judge that we ate heartily.

After supper we went outside the hall, formed in companies, and marched back to camp, where each company gave a few yells. At nine o'clock we all went to bed.

We were called at six next morning, and, at seven o'clock, marched into the dining hall. Again we had "fresh from the farm" goods. After breakfast we went back to the camp, made beds, and then started on our itinerary. First we saw some of the finest horses in the country and received a few hints on the judging of horses. Next we saw a tractor in operation and heard a lecture on its history. We also figured how many horse power it was then pulling. After this we heard a lecture on hog cholera, during which we learned how to insert the serum into the hog's body, how to tell when

a hog has cholera, and how to prevent the horrible disease from spreading. After the lecture, we went out and saw the wonderful irrigation system they have. We studied their methods of irrigation, and learning how they can tell how much water is falling from a certain place, at what rate it flows, and for how long it has flowed. We saw many other things on this trip, but they are too numerous to mention here.

In the latter part of the afternoon we went swimming in the new swimming pool which they have built there especially for this purpose.

After supper that night we had a pajamarina, in which everybody took an active part. With many different and weird noises we marched to town, where we paraded through the streets, listened to a couple of lectures welcoming us to the convention, and then came back to camp, where we had our rally. During the rally, we were entertained with a few boxing matches, a few collge yells, and some speeches regarding the football game which was to be played the next day between Davis and the freshmen of the University of California.

At half past eight the following morning we got into the special train that was waiting for us at the depot and rode to Berkeley. We were taken directly to the famous Greek Theatre, and there the prize winners were given their medals. Dean Hunt and President Wheeler, both of the University, gave two interesting speeches on the history of the courses provided at the university.

After lunch we started on our itinerary through the campus. We also visited the wonderful Sather Tower, from the top of which we could see for miles around.

The football game between Whittier and California concluded the day's program. After the game, in which California was victorious, we separated, and each one went to his respective home, feeling that he had had a pleasant and profitable trip.

Society

THE FRESHMEN RECEPTION

THE first event of the school year was a very interesting affair, at which the freshmen were entertained in a very charming manner by the upperclassmen. A skit called "His Old Sweethearts," was given, games were played and refreshments were served.

THE BASEBALL BOYS' DANCE

This affair occurred on January the sixth, in Jurian's Hall. Good music, furnished by Misses Crowley and Rathbun, made it a very enjoyable evening.

THE SENIOR DINNER

This affair took place on February the fifteenth in the domestic science building. It was given by the eighth grade to the graduating class of nineteen seventeen. After the delicious dinner, interesting and entertaining games were played.

THE JUNIOR-SENIOR RECEPTION

This took place on the fifteenth of March at the domestic science building. The evening was spent in playing games and dainty refreshments were served.

"THE ELOPEMENT OF ELLEN"

Was staged on March the first in Swall's Hall. It was an extremely entertaining comedy and was enjoyed by everyone. It was a marked success from both artistic and financial points of view. The cast was as follows:

Richard Ford, devoted young husband	Dan Anzini
Molly, his wife	Gertrude Carrington
Robert Shepherd, Molly's brother	George Toft

Max Ten Eych, a chum of Robert's — Harlan Church
Dorothy March, engaged to Max — Eunice Reyburn
June Haverhill, graduate of Wellesley '06 — Ethel McGinnis
John Hume, a rector who falls in love with Dorothy — Alvin Brunhofer

A SENIOR PARTY

Was given on the evening of April the twentieth at Mark Ingraham's home. The hosts were Mark Ingraham, Dan Anzini, and George Toft. The evening was warm, and enjoyable games were played indoors and out. Delicious refreshments were served, and everyone had an extremely good time.

THE BASEBALL BOYS' PARTY

Was given by Mr. and Mrs. Lee W. Hawkins at their home on the evening of April the seventeenth. A tamale supper was served to the boys, and after the supper the girls came and dancing was enjoyed. Refreshments were served later in the evening, and it was a very pleasurable affair.

THE SENIOR PICNIC

Occurred on May the eleventh. It was given by Mr. and Mrs. Martin. After school the seniors, some of their parents, and the faculty went in machines to Lake Syris, where a pleasant afternoon and evening were spent. Games were played and a delicious supper served.

CAST OF SENIOR PLAY—"CUPID AT VASSAR."

THE SENIOR PLAY

Took place the twenty-first of May in Swall's Hall, and was a great success. The characters in the play, which was called "Cupid at Vassar," were as follows:

John Willett, a young architect	George Toft
Amos North, of North & Son, bankers	Dan Anzini
Shiny, a lazy darky	Willard Frazer
Hank Griffin, the "hired man"	Marion Nichols
Mrs. Newton, of Great Falls, Vermont.	Myrtle Holden
Kate, her daughter	Flora Norris
Wanda, Kate's half sister	Alice Jess
Miss Page	Gertrude Carrington
Sally Webb	Ethel McGinnis
Matty Hart	Pauline Hollis
Patty Snow	Eunice Reyburn
Helen Conway	Georgia Porter

"The Freshie"

L. DEAN, '19.

There's an insect called a "freshie,"
  Just as harmless as can be;
But it thinks it's most important,
  Which it isn't....Don't you see?
I have watched it, oh! so often
  The first day it came to High,
With an eager thirst for knowledge,
  A resolve to do or die.
I have seen the thing meander
  With its head high in the air,
Conscious of its lofty station,
  Having neither doubt nor care.
But I saw a change come o'er it,
  After just a few weeks passed,
For the Latin course and others
  Brought on worries thick and fast.
Then it was I saw the "freshie"
  Come down from its lofty perch
And begin to act quite human,
  As for knowledge it would search.
Gone was all its great importance,
  Vanished its supreme conceit,
For it saw 'twould take some effort
  If the problems it would meet.

ALICE JESS, '17

Why, Miss Mitchell, how do you do? So pleased to meet you after these years of strenuous times. And you look just the same.

Yes, I am still single and teaching a large kindergrten class in Milpitas.

Do I ever hear anything from the girls and boys of the class of 1917 Yes. I am just returning home from Los Angeles, where I attended the wedding of Eunice Reyburn and George Toft. You know, he went to war, and the wedding was postponed all these years, but now they are happily married and keeping a fashionable boarding house in Pasadena.

I often hear from Gertrude. She is head nurse in the Red Cross Hospital in Paris, and says that the "case" which started to develop during our rehearsals for the senior play is still developing, as Dan is yet single, and is head chef in a chop house in Paris.

Flora is buyer for a large cloak and suit house in the Fiji Islands.

Myrtle is matron of a Belgian Orphan Asylum in Chicago.

Charlie has become a world-renowned trickster on the bicycle. He claims that he will settle down in Mountain View when he has made enough money to retire.

Norma and Constance are now being shown on the screen at the Tivoli play house in San Francisco.

Ellen is conducting a large notion store in Hawaii, and tats bathing suits for natives.

Mildred has become a beauty doctor in Europe and travels from place to place in an aeroplane operated by Will Huff.

Will likes his position and flies home every year for his vacation.

Georgia Porter is secretary for the Y. W. C. A. in New York.

Marion has broken the world's record by swimming across the Golden Gate, and is now instructor in fancy diving and swimming.

Isabelle? Why, Miss Mitchell, you could never guess what she is doing. She is Mother Superior in Notre Dame, just outside of Chicago.

Ethel has gone to Lapland, where she is engaged in the Real Estate and Insurance business. She meets her prospective customers with a sleigh drawn by four handsome reindeer. She often speaks of the time when she will get the Sunnyvale jitney to make special trips through her territory.

Mark has a blacksmith shop at the North Pole, and does a thriving business.

Ruth has become a famous opera singer, and sang "Carmen" in Italy, where she created a great sensation.

Alma was married about a year ago. She married a doctor's son and is quite a society leader in Chili.

Willard isn't doing what I expected he would do. He has made himself known in the world and has founded a Girl's College in Pennsylvania. He has a very fine and well-known young lady to instruct the students in fancy dancing. This is Pauline.

Philip won honors in our late war and, of course, as you all know, is now general in the army.

Catherine is a sculptress and has exhibited many masterpieces in the art galleries of Europe and America.

Alvin Brunhofer, who was the editor of our Blue and Gray, is doing missionary work in the Sahara desert and travels here and there on the back of a camel. He was conducting a revival meeting, when a riot started, and was lifted bodily by several Africans, who started to throw him onto a large bonfire. He fought madly and cried for help when—Oh! Miss Mitchell, I forgot to say that all I related to you about my classmates was only a dream which I had while sleeping with a piece of Eunice's and George's wedding cake under my pillow.

THE time is at hand when we, the class of 1917, must bid you adieu. We have struggled to climb the mountains placed before us by our worthy faculty and now, on this twentieth day of June, 1917, being of sound mind and body, we do declare this to be our last will and testament, and make the following bequests:

To the Board of Trustees, we leave our good will and gratitude for the many favors granted us.

To the faculty, we bequeath our fond farewells on our departure.

To the Juniors, we leave our longed-for seats in the assembly hall, that they may have the privilege and pleasure of observing their inferiors.

To the Sophomores, we bequeath our honor and obedience that they may prevent further absences from school.

To the Freshmen, we leave our years of experience that they may be wiser and find easier climbing as they ascent the ladder.

To the underclassmen as a whole, we bequeath our ability to do things, that they may accomplish much.

The bequests of the individuals of the class are as follows:

Georgia Porter, whose sweet smile and gentle voice have pleased many a student, leaves them to Robert Bowers, that he may improve himself while on duty.

Alma Hall regretfully leaves her place in the typing room at noon to anyone who wishes to write letters to Honolulu.

Mark Ingraham leaves his love for English to Elsie Olson.

Isabel White, whose giggles are as a constantly flowing fountain, requests that they be left to Eugene Adams.

Pauline Hollis, who has attracted many of both sexes by her dainty steps and graceful carriage of body, leaves them to Romaine Clute.

Willard Frazer has,by much deep study and excellent recitations in, English and history, acquired the honored title "The Village Wit." This he bestows upon Calvin Case.

Russel Wright should be highly pleased to receive the recipe on "How to Grow Tall," which is kindly bequeathed to him by Marion Nichols who, apparently, has used it to good advantage.

Constance Swenson bequeaths her frivolity, which has attained its highest degree during the last year, to Earl Smith.

Alvin Brunhofer has recently acquired an extreme fondness for blondes which he leaves to William Neasham.

Eunice Reyburn has thrived on joy rides and is now a picture of health. These joy rides she bequeaths to Dorothy Brown, who will undoubtedly be greatly benefited thereby.

Philip Martin has not, as yet, lost his bashful, childish ways, but, as he leaves the school of his youth and goes out into the big world, he thinks it best to leave them behind. He can think of no one who may use them to better advantage than Genevieve Granger.

Alice Jess has collected a whole box of letters from the San Joaquin Valley. She leaves them to Hazel Friis who, she thinks, will find more time to read them .

Gentrude Carrington regretfully bequeaths her seat by the jitney driver to Juanita Rathbun.

Ellen Nichols has developed a fondness for her book satchell which is hard to break but, as it will no longer be of use to her, and she found it such a necessary article, she has decided to bequeath it to someone who will need it to carry his books to and from school. Having given the matter much thoughtful consideration, she bequeaths the useful and valuable satchel to Arthur Dermody.

Dan Anzini, whose application for a cook out of the domestic science class seems to come too late to be filled, leaves it in the name of Oliver Thompson.

Myrtle Holden, who has attained unbounded success at crocheting, leaves that success to Gertrude Joseph.

Ethel McGinnis, whose studiousness is hard to excel, leaves it to Edna Edeburn.

Charles Deardorf has laboriously endeavored to delve into the depths of that most difficult subject, economics. He has never failed to recite and, therefore, has a deep knowledge of the science. He leaves this to Austin Berry, that he may grasp the facts with less nerve-taxing study.

George Toft leaves his ability to rob the cradle to Charlie Newnan.

Will Huff's success as a social lion cannot be doubted by anyone who has attended the "big dinners." This success he leaves to Claudia Davis.

It is impossible to allow the silent manners and charming ways of Flora Norris to pass one's notice, and, as it is so pleasant to be noticed, she bequeaths the aforesaid characteristics to Leon Couch.

Ruth Davis is so lively and enthusiastic that it is hard to find her at noon time. She bequeaths this lively, enthusiastic nature to Helen Baker.

As Norma Semino leaves the school of her youth and takes upon herself the bigger duties of life, she bequeaths her happy childhood to any who desires it.

Mildred Hult who is liked by many because of her plainness, leaves it to Beaulah Joseph, that she may have more friends.

The rude and boisterous Catherine Fuller who, we hope, will become more refined by her contact with the world, leaves her vivacity to Shirley Jackson.

Lastly, we, the class of 1917, do hereby appoint Mr. Martin executor of this, our last will and testament.

In witness whereof we, being of sound mind, heve hereunto set our hand and seal this twentytieth day of June in the year one thousand nine hundred and seventeen.

THE SENIORS OF 1917

MYRTLE HOLDEN, '17

THAT dim, far distant Future, which we looked forward to as freshmen, has finally become the Present. We are seniors. It is with mingled joy and reluctance that we bid our final farewell to the Mountain View Union High School.

In September, 1913, we entered high school, as all freshmen do, with quaking hearts. The royal reception which the upperclassmen gave us helped to shake off some of our timidity. We ran the customary gauntlet of freshmen indignities but emerged unscathed. Most of us took our high school career seriously and valiently fought and overcame those sothought dragons, Latin and Algebra. During the first semester we organized our class, choosing Alvin Brunhofer for the presidency, and Marjorie McKean for the secretaryship. The months flew quickly by, and, in June, we dispersed for the holidays.

September, 1914, saw the gathering of our class members under the lofty and superior title, sophomores. We could now look down upon the freshmen as we had once been looked down upon. During this year our work was pleasantly relieved by school parties and dances. On the evening of February 15, 1915, the juniors and sophomores enjoyed a pleasant interclass party in the domestic science building. Our sophomore president was Milo North; our secretary, Georgia Porter.

The fall of 1915 came, and again we met. We were drawing nearer our goal. Half the course had been run and we

were juniors, next in rank to the mighty seniors. We chose Flora Norris for our president, and Alvin Brunhofer for our secretary. On May the eleventh, we had the honor of giving the seniors a reception at the domestic science building. It seemed but a month till June came and—how could it be possible—we were seniors!

When we again met, in September, 1917, changes were evident both in our faculty and in our class. We had a new principal, Mr. Martin, and six new teachers: Miss Mitchell, Miss Leadingham, Miss Johnson, Miss Snow, Mr. Zeidler, and Mr. Bale. From time to time we have lost members of our class. New members coming in have raised our number to twenty-five. At our class election, Alvin Brunhofer was deemed worthy of enjoying a second term as president, and Alma Hall was chosen secretary. Miss Mitchell graciously consented to act as our class teacher. The Senior Dramatic Club was organized. On the evening of March 1, it presented very successful comedy, "The Elopement of Ellen."

On the evening of February 15, 1917, the eighth grade domestic science class, under the direction of Miss Peers, gave a most excellent dinner in our honor. It was an event which we will long hold among our most pleasant memories. Nor will we soon forget the evening of March 16, when the junior class gave us such a delightful reception.

But now our last year is drawing to a close. Commencement will soon be here, and with it come farewells. We do not know what Life holds in store for us, but we are sure that, whatever it is, it will be the better for those happy days we spent in that dear House of Learning, our Mountain View Union High School.

Mountain View Union High School

Closing Exercises

Wednesday, June 20, 1917,

8:30 P. M.

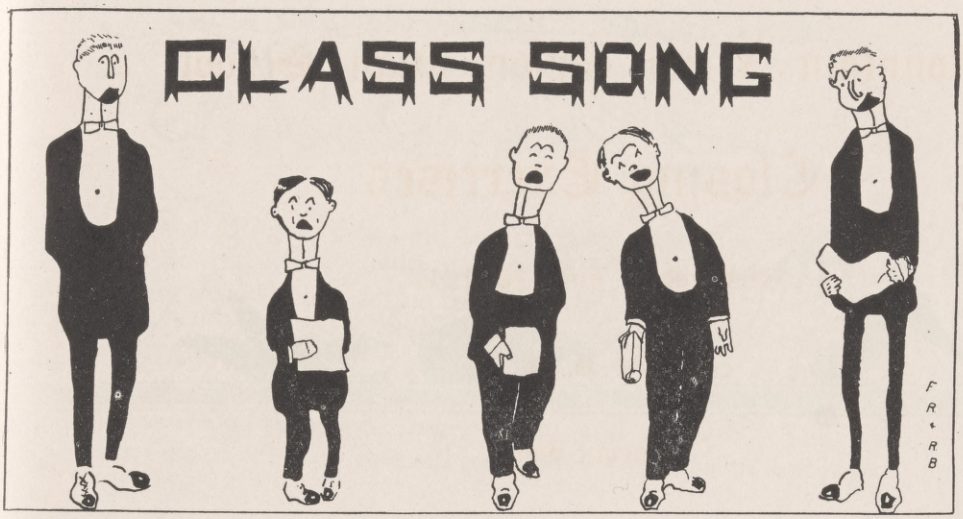
Jurian Hall

Invocation	Rev. C. H. Reyburn
Music	Orchestra
Salutatory	Flora Norris
Vocal Solo	Alvin Brunhofer
Class History	George Toft
Class Prophecy	Alice Jess
Piano Solo	Pauline Hollis
Class Will	Myrtle Holden
Valedictory	Dan Anzini

CLASS SONG

Presentation of Diplomas - - J. I. Martin, Principal

No Flowers **No Presents**



Music by MRS. HELEN BACON-O'DELL
Words by ALVIN BRUNHOFER, '17

Now's come the time when we all must depart;
Sad is our feeling and heavy our heart.
Friends that we've made we must leave now at last.
Naught's left but mem'ries of days that are passed.

Fair is the prospect of life's path ahead.
By nothing but duty we'll ever be led.
Out in life's battle we'll fight with a will;
Forging ahead we will climb ev'ry hill.

—CHORUS—

Roam we afar in wild regions uncouth,
Feel we the same toward the school of our youth;
Altho we may stumble and fall by the way,
We'll love thee, dear High School, for'er and for aye.

HOPELESS

Hawkins (to classmate in history exam.) "Where are the Americas?"

REALLY NOW.

Miss M. in Eng. IV. "Paris was wounded in the war—."

W. Frazer (the Village Wit) interrupting, "No, he was wounded in the heel."

Freshman, thinking deeply, "What is the masculine for wallflowers?"

Senior: "Walnuts."

HISTORY OF FOUR CLASSES

Senior	Prehistoric
Junior	Ancient
Sophomore	Medi(evil)
Freshman	Modern

Miss Leadingham, in civics: "Will, what is another duty of the War Department?"

Will Huff: "Well, it must keep the army full, that is—."

E Marcus, in chem: "What is the formula for electricity?"

Mr. Zeidler: "?-*!lb-!—$lb?"

Casey (in Chemistry): "This sulphur has the yellowest smell I ever tasted."

A CORRESPONDENCE SCHOOL LESSON

First Aid to a College Man.

Dear Sir:

Will you kindly publish directions for tying a bow-tie.

ROGER COOT.

Answer:

Well, Roger, you hold the tie in the left hand and your collar in the other. Slip your neck in the collar and cross the right hand end of the tie over the right end with the other hand. Then drop both ends catching the left with the right and the other with the other. Reverse hands, and pick up the loose ends with the nearest hands. Pull this end through the loop with your unengaged hand and squeeze. You will find the knot all tied and all you have to do is to untangle your hands.

S. J. "You kiss like a professional."

P. M. "How do you know?"

Miss Mitchell: "Oh! dear, it tells here in the paper how a poor baseball player died at the plate."

Miss Leadingham, excited: "Killed himself by over-eating, I suppose."

"If you cannot laugh at the jokes of the age, then laugh at the age of the jokes."

The one who thinks these jokes are poor
  Would straightway change his views,
Could he compare the jokes we print
  With those we do not use.

Bob Adams: "You should have been at church. The sermon was wonderful!"

Oliver Thompson: "So I heard. Who told you?"

Miss Leadingham, to Isabel: "Name one of the evils of war."

Isabel White: "It makes more history."

Miss Leadingham (in history I.): "What does the Roman Law provide for its prisoners?"

J. E. "Puts 'em in 'jugs'" (meaning prisons).

R. E. "Do they not put them in jars also?"

Chem. teacher: "I wonder where we can get some marble blocks with which to experiment?"
Student: "There are several in the Soph. Class."
Teacher: "No, they are not developed that far yet."

TRUE—VERY TRUE.

The three great mysteries: —Love—Women—Hash.

Miss M: "Tell me something about Washington's dress, Alice."
T'other student: "Washington didn't wear dresses."

Alice Jess: "How do they pronounce dinner in a deaf and dumb asylum?"
Alma Hall: "A man goes through the halls wringing his hands."

Miss Ward (in Latin): "Robert, what is a nose called that is shaped like an eagle's beak? It comes from the word 'aquila,' meaning eagle."
Huck: "An aqueduct."

Talk About Your Poetical Tendencies!

"Across the fields and meadows leap the deer." (Section of Spencerian stanza by Eng. IV Class.)
Miss M.: "Now class, what shall we have for the next line? It must rhyme with deer."
Frazer: "As though he'd been partaking of some beer."

Prof: "A fool can ask more questions than a wise man can answer."
Student: "Well, then its no wonder that so many of us flunk in our exs."

Freshman (picking up Caesar): "Oh shucks! Latin is easy. I can read it now. Forte dux in ora—forty ducks in a row; Passus sum jam—pass us some jam; Boni Legis Caesaris—Bony legs of Caesar; Caesar sicat undercur egressi lictum—Caesar sicced the cat on the cur and I guess she licked him."
Ex.

Eunice R.: "Last night H. C. tried to put his arm around me three times."
D. Brown: "Some arm!"

Mr. Zeidler: "Why is it cold when ice is near?"
R. Bianchi: "Because it gives off cold heat."

Prof. Bale: "Why don't you get a shave?"
Elias Marcus: "Somebody stole my safety razor."
Prof. Bale: "Why did Gillette him?"

Barber: "Want your hair cut any special way?"
Eugene Adams: "Yes, off."

Miss Leadingham (talking about a Spanish verb): "What is that, Fillmore?"
Fillmore (looking out of the window): "A Ford."

F. Rowles (making a poster) "What color shall I make this machine?"
Student: "Make it green."
F. R. "Naw, you never saw a bright green automobile,—and that's the only color of green we have."
Student: "I have, too. I've seen some as bright as you are."

First Freshie: "George Toft was arrested for driving his Ford over 10 per. in town."
Second ditto: "Why, the speed limit is 15 per."
First Freshie. "They pinched him for rushing the can."

Doctor: "I don't like your heart action. You've some trouble with angnia pectoris."
Miner A.: "You may be right doctor, but that wasn't her name."

If a body sees a body
  Flunking in a quiz.
If a body help a body
  Is it anybody's biz? —Ex.

A little Sulphuric acid
  Mixed with scraps of zinc,
Heated in a test tube
  Makes an awful——odor. Ex.

1st Freshie: "Oh, I had the awfullest dream last night!"
2nd. Freshie: "What was it?"
1st. Freshie: "I dreamt that Mr. Martin was twins."

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J. U. WINNIGER

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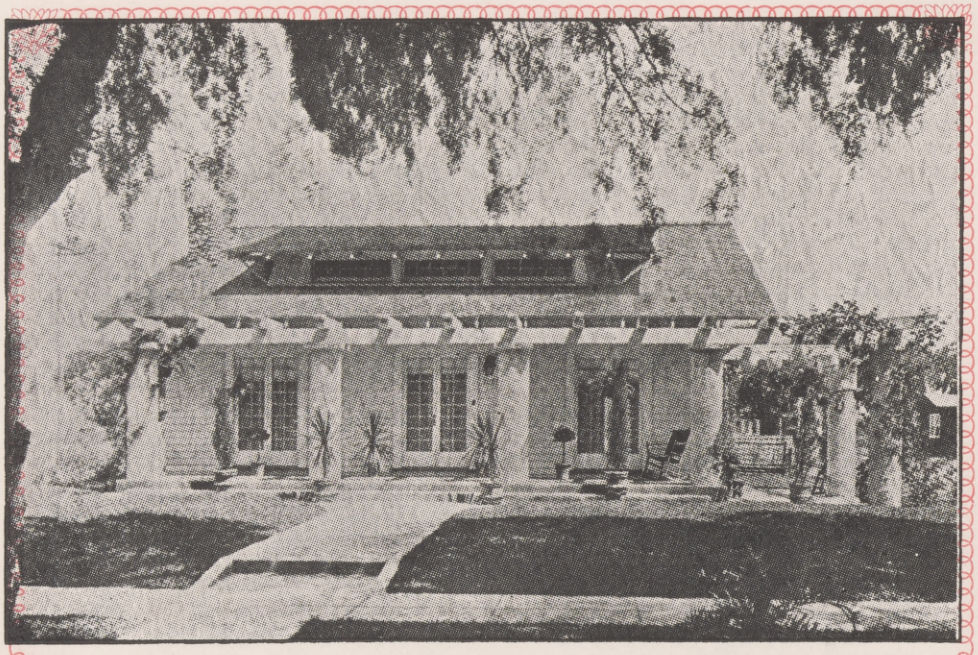

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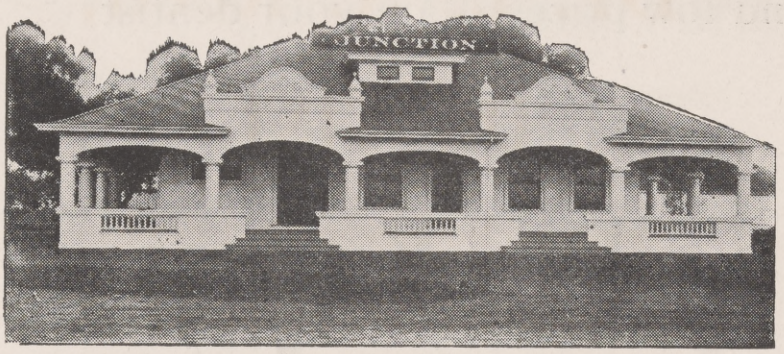

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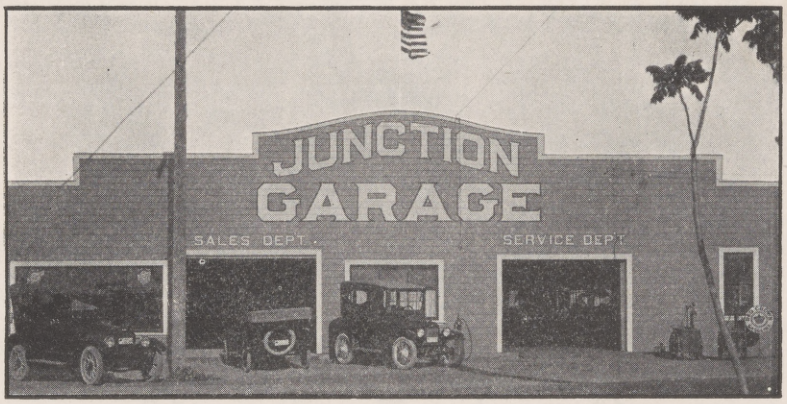

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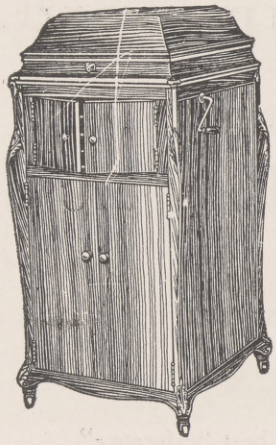

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